WILLIAM PAINTER
AND HIS FATHER
DR. EDWARD PAINTER

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES

COMPILED BY

ORRIN CHALFANT PAINTER

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WILLIAM PAINTER

AND HIS FATHER,

DR. EDWARD PAINTER

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES
COMPILED BY

ORRIN CHALFANT PAINTER

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

— John Greenleaf Whittier, Snow-bound.

BALTIMORE:
THE ARUNDEL PRESS.
JOHN S. BRIDGES & CO.,
1914.

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meanor cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Santa Filomena.*

Of all the affections of man, those which connect him with Ancestry are among the most natural and generous. They enlarge the sphere of his interests, multiply his motives to virtue, and give intensity to his sense of duty to generations to come, by the perception of obligation to those which are past.

—*Josiah Quincy.*

The only way to do a thing is to do it.

—*William Painter.*

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[Engravings by the Baltimore-Maryland Engraving Co.]

"The living are the only dead;
The dead live.—nevermore to die;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh!"

"The stroke of Death is but a kindly frost,
Which cracks the shell, and leaves the kernel room
To germinate."

There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

—Henry Wadworth Longfellow, Resignation.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, The Chambered Nautilus.

PREFACE.

In the production of this book I have obeyed the natural impulse to preserve accounts of two benefactors of the human race, inasmuch as they were my progenitors. My father, William Painter, and his father, Dr. Edward Painter, were endowed with great energy, although I believe that their lives were unduly shortened by overwork. Father died in his sixty-eighth year, and grandfather in his sixty-third year. Memories of them are treasured by many, and many have passed on who clasped their hands. For those who cherish such recollections and for those who did not know them personally and desire to know more of their lives, this work is compiled.

In the struggles of life of the present and on-coming generations, the very near aspects which some, including myself, possess, may become dimmed or lost lest these steps be taken. In looking over old photographs which I have zealously cared for, I have found that many are fading. The original negatives of a number were destroyed in the fire of 1904, and it is thus apparent that these visual representations of loved faces and closed chapters, as well as biographical matter concerning them, should be given over to the arts of the engraver and printer without delay.

Further records relating to them may be found in "Descendants of Samuel Painter, 1699-1903," which was edited by me during the latter year, and in the Genealogies of the Gilpin Family, which are easily obtainable.

In the succeeding pages are articles taken from various publications, preceded by my own incomplete review of my father's life. Some repetitions will be noted which cannot well be avoided. In my Reminiscenses I have confined myself principally to matter not contained in the extracts from other publications.

O. C. P.

Baltimore, June 18, 1914.

"WHITHER GOEST THOU?"

By Orrin Chalfant Painter.

The milestones now are flying by
  And age comes on apace;
I wonder how it feels to die
  And leave this queer old place.

The faces of my friends all say:
  "We're on our road somewhere,—"
Do I appear as worn as they
  And quite so full of care?

I know I do, as worldly sight
  Makes man to man appear,
For time and tide the youth will blight
  Of all who linger here.

Other scenes are fairer, far,
  Beyond the sunset's glow;
The kindly beaconing evening star
  Will guide me right, I know.

'T is all amiss to mourn the dead,
  Or hesitate to leave,
For grander spheres are on ahead
  Which mind cannot conceive.

Speech and pen cannot reveal
  My thoughts, try as I may;
With my inmost sense I feel
  A coming, brighter day.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM PAINTER.

By Orrin Chalfant Painter.

(March 16, 1914.)

William Painter was born at Triadelphia, Montgomery County, Maryland, November 20th, 1838. His parents were Dr. Edward Painter and Louisa Gilpin Painter. They had seven children, in the following order: Helen, (who died in infancy), Clara, William, Emilie, Joseph Gilpin, Samuel Gilpin and Charles, (who also died in infancy). Clara married Robert Chalfant and had seven children, of whom two are living, Edward and Lottie. Emilie married William H. Jackson, and had three children, Clarence, Louise and Harriette, all of whom are living. Samuel Gilpin married Mary Hanway. They had but one child, Lawrence Gilpin Painter, who is a professor of English literature. Joseph married Ida League, and died, leaving no children.

In 1840, when William Painter was two years old, his father moved from Triadelphia to Herring Run, near Baltimore. Here my father's early boyhood days were spent on the farm. On March 17, 1849, his father moved from Herring Run to Fallston, Harford County, Maryland, where he again went to farming. My father was fond of recalling this date, and it was easy to remember, as it was on Saint Patrick's Day. He was ten years of age at the time and the beautiful green hills of Harford offered for him many pleasing prospects. It was while his father was thus engaged, from 1849 until 1853, that William Painter, went to the Friends' School there, which was in the yard of the Friends' Meeting House. His first teacher was William W. Taylor, (a brother of Bayard Taylor, the traveler and writer). His next teacher at that school was Jeremiah J. Starr, of Fern Glen, Pa. Mr. Starr is now living with his daughter, at Monkton, Baltimore County, Md. His third teacher at that school was Mary Harlan, (daughter of William Harlan, of Fallston).

My father, then, in 1853, at the age of fifteen, left Fallston and went to Wilmington, Delaware, where, during the winter of 1853-1854, he went to Alsopp's School, at the corner of Tenth and Tatnall Streets, boarding with his grandfather, William Painter, at Seventh and West Streets. In the winter of 1854-1855 he went to school to Clarkson Taylor, (who was a brother of Jonathan K. Taylor), opposite the Friends' Meeting House, on West Street, (where the Friends' School now is), where he finished his education early in June, 1855.

On June 20, 1855, he went as an apprentice in business with Pyle, Wilson & Pyle, manufacturers of patent leather, in Wilmington. The two Pyles in the firm were Cyrus and William, the latter being an uncle of my father. (Howard Pyle, the artist and writer, who died Nov. 9, 1911, in Florence, Italy, was a son of William Pyle, and consequently my father's first cousin.) During the two above years he boarded with his grandfather, William Painter. He boarded with his uncle John Painter at Seventh and Tatnall Streets, for a short time. He then went to board with Joseph Pyle for four years, from 1856 until November, 1859, during which time he worked in the leather-currying shop of his uncle, Joseph Pyle. The residence of Joseph Pyle, at that time, where he boarded, was at Seventh and Orange Streets, on the opposite corner from John Painter's. His apprenticeship with Joseph Pyle ended November 20, 1859. Of the three Pyles above named, Cyrus was the oldest, William was next, and Joseph was the youngest.

During his younger days, in Wilmington, he belonged to "The Junior Debating Society of the Young Men's Association," of which the other members were: Edward B. Taggart, Alfred Gawthrop, James D. Strickler, Benjamin Webb, Richard H. Webb, Jonathan K. Taylor, Henry Gawthrop, R. H. Jones, A. A. Capelle, B. A. Houston and Joshua Pusey.

William Painter was also the editor of "The Every Monday Night, a Repository of Science, Literature, Sentiment and Fun," which was written, (instead of being printed), in 1860. He was also a member of "The Morphy Chess Club."

My father, during this period, invented a machine to fold sheets of paper for books, etc. Mr. Jonathan K. Taylor, who was a very dear and close friend of my father, was shown the working model, which worked almost perfectly. He urged my father to apply for a patent on it without delay. There were, however, one or two points about it which my father wished to perfect, and upon these he worked until he applied for a patent a short time after. He then found that Cyrus Chambers, of Chester County, Pa., had, a few months before, patented exactly the same principle. This was an extremely profitable patent to Chambers and his invention is still being used.

It was while engaged in the hide and leather business in Wilmington, that he met his future partner in life, Miss Harriet Magee Deacon, the daughter of a Philadelphia wholesale hat and fur merchant. The meeting occurred at the farm of his great-uncle, Peter Wilson, at Fairville, Chester County, Pennsylvania, about ten miles from Wilmington, on a Sunday afternoon, July 11, 1859. Her father, Ephraim Thomas Deacon, had then retired from mercantile business and was living upon his farm at Fairville, Chester County, Pennsylvania. William Painter was married in Philadelphia, on September 9, 1861.

My mother, Harriet Deacon Painter, on her paternal side, is descended in the fifth generation from George Deacon, who was born in Essex County, England, in 1642. He came to America in November, 1677, and settled in Burlington, New Jersey, where he married, December 22, 1693, Martha Charles. Their son, John Deacon, married Hester Wills, March 26, 1726; their son, Samuel Deacon, married Mehitable Rogers, March 20, 1762; their son, Thomas Deacon, married Mercy Stiles; their son, Ephraim Thomas Deacon, married Louisa Magee; their daughter, Harriet Deacon, married William Painter. Ephraim Thomas Deacon lived in Burlington, New Jersey, where his ancestors had lived.

Harriet Deacon Painter is descended, on her maternal side, in the third generation, from Dr. John Meer, who was born in Birmingham, England, on February 9, 1756. He was a physician of note and a friend of Thomas Paine. He was also a friend of Charles Willson Peale, who painted an excellent portrait of him, which we have in our home. Dr. John Meer married Catharine Hassall, June 10, 1778, at Wolverhampton, England, and they had nine children. He came to America and settled in Philadelphia in 1793, where his daughter Harriet, who was born in Birmingham, England, met and married Edward Magee, who was a Presbyterian and came from Giant's Causeway, Ireland, and they had nine children, of whom Louisa Magee was their fifth child. Louisa Magee married Ephraim Thomas Deacon, September 4, 1839, and they had six children, of whom my mother, Harriet Deacon Painter, was the second child.

My father returned, in the fall of 1859, to Fallston, Harford County, Maryland, where, for several succeeding years, he lived with his father, Edward Painter, who, having sold his farm during his son's absence in Wilmington, had become the proprietor of a grocery and general merchandise store, the firm name of which was Painter & Watson. This store he had bought of Robert Titus. Grandfather was post-

WILLIAM PAINTER,
WHILE GOING TO SCHOOL IN WILMINGTON.

William Painter,
while in the hide and leather business in Wilmington.

HARRIET MAGEE DEACON,
AT THE TIME OF HER MEETING WITH WILLIAM PAINTER,
IN 1859.

master, and father was assistant postmaster and joined in the business of the store with his father. During the evenings, after working hours, he found time to exercise his ability as a mesmerist with the loiterers in the store. His best subjects were four men, two of these being Emmet Duvall and Peter Schroff, (who was a brother of John Schroff, the village saddler). These men, when hypnotized, would hoe, go fishing in a boat, fall overboard and swim, make speeches, make love, stand on chairs and crow like roosters, have stiff legs,—in short, would do anything they were told to do. This faculty he ceased to exercise in later years. While at Fallston, father worked on his blacking-boxes, the tops and bottoms of which were made of paste-board, saturated with asphaltum, (tin being very expensive at that time), various kinds of lamps, shoe-tips and his counterfeit coin-detector, occasionally making visits to Baltimore to perfect the machinery incidental in their manufacture. At that time it was necessary for him to travel by stage to Magnolia, a distance of ten miles, in order that he might take the train for Baltimore.

I may here state that he found the name of "Orrin Newton" upon an old lamp-burner with which he was experimenting, and taking a fancy to the name "Orrin," applied it to me, although he knew nothing about Orrin Newton, except that he was the patentee.

It was at this stage of my father's career that the Civil War broke out. Grandfather maintained the peace principles of the Society of Friends and never served in any military capacity. He was once called upon to pay a war tax of about two hundred dollars, which he refused to do. Whereupon, the tax officer threatened to take a valuable horse of his. This he did not do, however, for, as my grandfather afterward discovered, his friend, Stevenson Archer, had paid the tax for him. Grandfather and father were in sympathy with "The Union." Upon one occasion, when I was six weeks old, my father went to Wilmington to meet my mother and bring me to Fallston. I was born at Fairville, Chester County, Pennsylvania, at the home of her father, April 6, 1864. When they reached Perryville, on the P. W. & B. Railroad, on the opposite side of the Susquehanna River, from Havre de Grace, they found that the "Rebs" had torn up the tracks over the bridge, and they had to drive in a round-about way to get back to Fallston. My father was never draughted for military service. I believe that he would not have served, even if he had been draughted, for his principles were those of his father's.

My father was unfamiliar with the use of fire-arms and never went out to kill anything for sport, although, when a boy, he went fishing. He collected birds' eggs, as did many country boys in those days.

Edward Painter kept the store in Fallston for eight or ten years, and then sold it to James Watson. Joseph G. Painter, the son of Edward Painter, then went into partnership with James Watson and the name of the firm was Painter & Watson. James Watson sold it to J. Wilson Moore. The building was afterwards destroyed by fire. It was opposite the Friends' Meeting House.

One cold day, while grandfather was keeping the store at Fallston, John Lancaster came in. "John," said grandfather, "thee ought to have a pair of nice, warm gloves." "Thank thee," said John, "I will take a pair," and he did. That was one on grandfather.

I remember the store quite well. There were shelves on each side of the front doors, upon which were displayed articles of utility which were taken in every night. There was a rain-barrel under the eaves, in the rear, which was quite an attraction to me. I can never forget the black iron dog-handled knife with red spots on it, which grandfather gave me. It would cut cheese very well, and wood with difficulty. I was five years old when grandfather gave up the store.

THE LAST MEMBERS OF THE MORPHY CHESS CLUB, OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

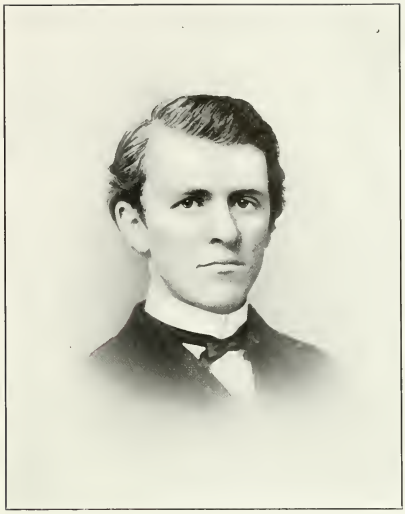
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSEPH JEANS, JANUARY, 1861.)

ALFRED GAWTHROP. EDWARD B. TAGGART. WILLIAM PAINTER.
S. RODMOND SMITH. HENRY GAWTHROP.

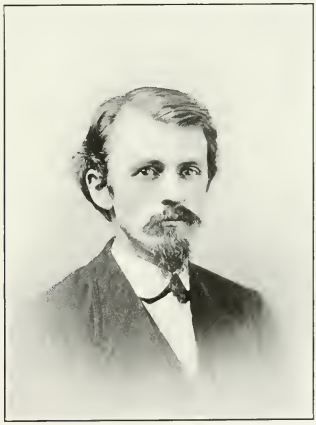
In March, 1865, William Painter moved with his family, (wife and son Orrin), to North Central Avenue, in Baltimore, the second door above Preston Street, on the east side, at which house his daughter Helen was born. At this time he was chiefly occupied with his blacking-box invention and with his riveting machine. It was operated with a treadle and riveted by means of a hammer which was brought down where the edges of the pieces of tin were to be joined, thus obviating the necessity of soldering, which was then a more expensive operation. He then, in 1867, went into the employ of Murrill & Keizer, at 44 North Holliday Street, (old number), this building long since having been demolished. It was almost opposite to where the old City Hall now is, which building is a cherished landmark. He began as foreman of Murrill & Keizer's machine shop without ever having served an appreticeship in the manufacturing of machinery, owing to his knowledge of mechanics and engineering. He then moved to North Exeter Street, near Low, which location was more convenient to his place of business. While at Murrill & Keizer's, on Friday morning, July 24, 1868, the flood occurred. Jones' Fals overflowed its embankments and inundated Harrison Street and Marsh Market Space. On that occasion the men got out of the second-story windows of the shop and made their escape on improvised rafts. Stevenson & Plunkett's machine shop was opposite Murrill & Keizer's. Flynn & Emrich were on the same side, at the corner of Saratoga Street, and the Middle District Watch House was opposite Flynn & Emrich's. Joshua Regester & Sons subsequently occupied this site and their buildings were destroyed by fire. I remember very well the perpendicular oscillating-cylinder engine which ran the shop, a wooden model of which I used to play with.

In those days Barnum's and Forepaugh's Circuses used to show on Belair lot. There was one ring and we were not distracted with a multiplicity of attractions at once. Barnum's Circus generated its own current and used its own electric lights, which were a feature of the show, and had a talking-machine, which said "Eliza," "America" and "Europe" very glibly. Then there were "cannibals" and Prof. Wise made balloon ascensions from the lot. Father usually took us, and once, when he was too busy to go, Mr. Keizer took Helen and me. Mr. Lewis R. Keizer and Mr. James H. Murrill were the incorporators of the firm. Mr. Murrill died on December 31, 1870, and Mr. Keizer on March 30, 1902. Mr. Keizer lived at Waverly and father used to take us out there now and then on Sunday afternoons on the double-decked horse-cars. I sometimes wore a *pique* dress, which I usually managed to soil without delay. Mr. Keizer was very musical and used to teach the Sunday-School children to sing. Mr. Joseph A. Bolgiano also lived in Waverly and was an intimate friend of father's.

Father used to take us all to Ford's Grand Opera House to see Haverly's Minstrels, also Carncross & Dixie's troupe and others. We enjoyed the "darkey minstrels" almost more than anything else, except Christmas. Father always made great ado over Christmas and never failed to have a tree for us. It was usually erected in a corner of our bedroom, behind a suspended sheet, while we were asleep, and great was our excitement upon awakening. I still have the magic lantern and all the slides, which I received when seven years old. I had a gun which exploded percussion caps and shot a stick and with this I hunted cats and scared them more than I hurt them. We used to play with some things which father made while a boy, in Wilmington. One of these was a little windmill which contained flour, and which, when blown, instead of operating the windmill, would throw flour upon the one blowing it. Another was a ring with a setting in it, which was worn upon the little finger, which was attached to a cylinder containing water, held unseen, in the hand, which was discharged by a piston operated by the thumb, upon unsuspecting observers. Father had a portable billiard-board upon which he played billiards with



WILLIAM PAINTER, ABOUT 1866.



WILLIAM PAINTER, SEPTEMBER 9, 1870.

his friends, when it was laid upon the dining-room table. We sometimes played parlor-croquet upon it. We used to play "Fox and Geese" and "Mill-Morris," two very good games which I never see nowadays. He made me a pop-gun, which cut little pieces out of slices of a potato, and afforded much amusement. He also made us whistles of willow and reed-grass; in fact, we never suffered from want of amusement.

The sound of the beating of dough for Maryland biscuits was heard in the land far more often then, than it is now. It was, with us, usually a sign of company. Also, "Sally Lunn" was in much favor. We were rather unhappy when father and mother used to leave us to go to the "Peabody Lectures," which were a very important institution during the past generation. Sometimes they went to lectures at the Maryland Institute, which was then over Marsh Market. They used to go there to hear John B. Gough, the famous temperance lecturer, and Thomas DeWitt Talmage, the Brooklyn divine. Father used to take Josh Billings' "Old Farmer's Allminax," which predicted: "Perhaps rain; perhaps not." He also read Mark Twain's latest effusions to us. He was also very fond of Shakespeare, Poe, Byron, Burns, Moore, and Campbell, and often read to us from them. Also, from Hans Christian Andersen's beautiful fairy tales. "The Raven," as read by him, made a great impression upon me. He used to call on Mrs. Maria Clemm, at the Church Home and Infirmary, on Broadway, where she told him all about her son "Eddie" Poe. In 1868 she gave him a dagnerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe, and told him that it was the last that was ever made of him, and requested him never to part with it. It is now in my possession and I prize it very highly. I also have a letter which Mrs. Clemm wrote to father, July 18, 1866, asking his assistance, which was always forthcoming, and often when unsolicited. I also have a flute which father used to play for us in those days.

In 1874, Mr. William C. Wood, patent attorney, became intimately associated with William Painter in the writing up of his patent specifications, chiefly, at that time, with regard to the many pumps and valves which William Painter then and thereafter invented. Mr. William C. Wood was, from this period, a warm and trusted friend of William Painter, not only professionally, but in a personal way, for the remainder of William Painter's life. On October 6, 1874, with William C. Wood as his attorney, William Painter obtained several patents upon valves and pumps for emptying cesspools, etc. These embodied the fundamental principles upon which his Odorless Excavating Apparatus system was based, which immediately became a pronounced success. Of this pump his attorney, Mr. William C. Wood, says, that it was a marvel when invented and built, and that it remains so to this day. When provided with a few feet of flexible suction pipe, and mounted on top of a long narrow tank filled with water, and operated for exhibition, it freely raised water and discharged it back into the tank. A long piece of rope, about an inch in diameter, was put into the water, with one end of it pushed within the suction pipe. Upon working the pump, this rope passed upward and out, step by step, with water in but little less than normal quantity. Then a straight, smooth clothes-pole, seven or eight feet long, was similarly carried through the pump with nearly a normal quantity of water. Afterwards, an old hoop-skirt, folded and knotted, took the same trip without delays. Such operations as those were impossible with any prior pump, and with none built since, unless it be an imitation, in essential features, of principles which were novel in the Painter pump.

From Exeter Street, in 1875, we moved to North Eutaw Street, above Madison Avenue, in the block where Mount Calvary Church is, at the top of the hill. One Christmas, while we were there, Helen was given a table and set of dishes,

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED IN HIS LABORATORY AT THE WORKS OF THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO., IN 1898.)

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRANKFORT, GERMANY, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1895.)

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(ABOUT 1880.)

and father gave me the grandest red wooden velocipede that ever was. One Saturday night, before Christmas, he wanted to get me a toy steam-engine, and we walked down Eutaw Street to Baltimore Street, and along Baltimore Street to Broadway, visiting all the toy-stores en route, for this purpose, but we could not find one. I got one afterwards, however, which had been ordered for me. Nowadays it is much easier to find mechanical toys than it was then. I am quite sure that children were just as happy when I was young, as many are to-day, who have a greater variety of toys than we had. I always had a workshop wherever we lived, and made many toys with my tools. I had, in 1871, returned from a visit of six months to the Omaha Agency, in Nebraska, where grandfather Painter was the Indian Agent and postmaster on the Omaha Reservation, about seventy miles north of Omaha, where the happiest days of my life were spent. Grandfather was appointed Omaha Indian Agent by President Grant, and served in that capacity from 1869 until 1873. His physical endurance was severely taxed and he returned to Baltimore, where he came to live with father. While with us, on Eutaw Street, he was stricken with paralysis. While there, Mr. Theodore T. Gillingham, his successor, brought twelve Omaha Indians to Washington to see the President about their lands. They were then brought by Mr. Gillingham to our house to see grandfather, who gave them a watermelon feast. They were wrapped in their blankets and carried their tomahawks, which also served as pipes. Needless to say, they attracted much attention. They were quartered at Miller's Hotel, which was on South Paca Street, not far from the Concordia Opera House, both of which buildings have since disappeared. All this was in 1875. (See matter regarding Dr. Edward Painter in this book.)

While we lived on Eutaw Street, Helen and I were sent to the Friends' Elementary and High School, which was on Lombard Street, between Howard and Eutaw Streets. "Cousin" Eli M. Lamb was the principal and all the teachers were "cousins." Grandfather sometimes spoke in meetings, but as his health failed, he was obliged to cease doing so. The scholars attended meeting for one hour in the mornings on Fourth-days, or Wednesdays. The men sat on one side and the women on the other. There was a partition which was sometimes lowered between them when occasion required. The elders faced the meeting and wore broad-brimmed hats, and the women wore gray bonnets, and their garb was very simple. When one arose to pray, we all arose and turned our backs upon them and toward the street. Cocoa-matting was upon the floor and cushions were upon the benches. There was a time when these comforts were not regarded as necessary. Father, mother, Helen and I, often went to First-day meetings. Father sometimes worked out his inventions in meeting when there was no speaking. Grandfather and grandmother moved to Mrs. Daniel's boarding-house on Lexington Street soon after grandfather had been stricken with paralysis. He died while on Lexington Street, September 29, 1875, and his transition was the first serious loss I had ever felt.

From Eutaw Street we moved to Bolton Street, east side, between Lafayette Avenue and Mosher Street, about half-way down the block. While there, in 1876, we attended the Centennial, in Philadelphia. In the summer of that year we spent several weeks with cousin Philip T. Stabler, near Sandy Spring, Montgomery County, Maryland. While there, father invented a set of cutting-blades for a reaper, a model of which I now have. At this time he also invented a spring curtain-roller, and a lock for double doors.

On April 6, 1877, we moved to 1626 Bolton Street, two doors from Wilson. Old Mount Hope was at the north end of Bolton Street and Spence's Place was at the south end. Brooke's College was on Park Avenue between Wilson and Laurens Streets, on a high hill, opposite to where the Friends' Meeting House now is. There

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. L. PERKINS, DECEMBER 20, 1896.)

were vacant lots all around us which afforded children opportunities to play in a natural and healthful way. Helen and I went for some years to St. Peter's P. E. Sunday School, on Druid Hill Avenue and Lanvale Street, while Rev. Dr. Julius Grammar was the pastor of that church.

Chess was father's favorite game and he often played with his uncle, Charles Painter, who lived at Owings' Mills. He often, also, played euchre and cribbage with him. Uncle Charles had a very practical mind and they were frequently mutually interested in various projects. Helen and I often spent week-ends at Owings' Mills with uncle Charles' and uncle Milton's families. Uncle Milton was the pioneer manufacturer of ice cream which was sold in Baltimore and had a store on Lexington Street, between Charles and Liberty Streets. Uncle Charles lost his sight. Uncle Charles and uncle Milton were brothers of my grandfather, Dr. Edward Painter.

At this time father was experimenting with multiplex telegraphy, telephonic apparatus, steam-boiler damper regulators, and gauge-cocks, hydraulic pumps, various kinds of coal-oil lamp-burners, and his hydrostatic water-joint. His brain, apparently, was never at rest.

Father was very fond of hunting arbutus and sometimes, on Sundays in the spring, used to hire a horse and carriage and take us out in the country for that purpose. Among other places, we went to Hall's Springs, on the Harford Road, which was then a popular resort for excursionists and picnickers. He also took us to Herring Run, where he used to live, when a young boy, on his father's farm and showed us where his father used to stand at the bottom of the hill on the edge of the corn-field, and call up to him at the top of his voice, "Willie, bring down the big round bas-ket!" Father would also take Helen and me to "Violet Hill" to hunt arbutus. This pretty spot was over-looked by the observatory in Druid Hill Park, but alas, like many other attractive scenes, it has been levelled to accommodate the all-pervading advance of humanity in search of homes.

The greatest event which happened while we lived on Bolton Street, was the birth of my sister Ethel. This was indeed an important era for all of us, and we were made happier and younger by her coming.

One night, the roof of the house on Bolton Street was blown off, during a severe storm, and we were thoroughly soaked. For several weeks the plasterers and paper-hangers were busy repairing the damage.

About this time, in 1880, Murrill & Keizer were building their new factory at 202-204-206 North Holliday Street. I was an apprentice in their machine shop, having spent six months in Denver, during which I had travelled around a great deal in the Rocky Mountains with my uncle, William H. Jackson, photographing. I had gone to Shortlidge's Media Academy, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, for a year, and to the Baltimore City College for two years, and had also learned something of the electrical business in a practical way, as well as having done mechanical draughting for engineers.

I cannot say that father's inventive faculty has been transmitted to any of us, except in the slightest degree. Ethel invented a mouse-trap and showed her plans to father, who explained to her that it was so complicated and expensive to make, that it was better to let the mouse go.

I have one patent, dated September 9, 1902, on a "Label for Bottles, etc.," upon which I never realized anything. In my work-shop I produced many small contrivances and conceived several ideas which I later found had been invented and patented by others, for example, the jumping rabbits which we see at Easter. Mine, however, was intended to be a frog. I made the model out of an old clock-spring

MRS. WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY JANVIER, APRIL 17, 1914.)

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERKINS, NOVEMBER 30, 1897.)

and wound it up and set it down. It took one jump, flew to pieces and that was the end of it. I invented a basin-stopper, designed to be lifted from the back of the basin, before I had ever seen the ones which are now being used. Also, an elongated match, which would burn different colors when it was struck; in this I also found that I had been anticipated. Then I got up a smoke-fumigator for insects, in which I had also been anticipated. It is becoming harder and harder to obtain patents on articles of general utility, for the simple reason that the field is already well covered. It is unfortunate, but it is nevertheless a fact, that much good money is wasted by over-enthusiastic patentees, who see millions in their inventions. This over-stimulation has caused many a worthy man to lose his all. My father was often consulted by inventors in need of advice, and many he was obliged to discourage. He was often told that he might put out his own shingle as a patent attorney, knowing as much as he did about the business. However, he needed assistance, as it was not within human limitations that he could carry out all the intricasies of writing up his own patent specifications.

While I was a school-boy I made a pair of horse-shoe magnet telephones and two carbon transmitters, or microphones, with which I telephoned to the cook in the kitchen. They worked perfectly and with them I could easily hear the ticking of a watch.

In all this kind of work I was encouraged by father, who had fond hopes of making a civil engineer of me, but this was not so to be. I had not the physical strength and endurance to prosecute the labor requisite to the attainment of success in this field. My inclinations were rather in the direction of becoming a physician, but I realized that in this also I could not have been a success, financially, at least. My grandfather, Dr. Edward Painter, graduated in medicine late in life and practiced his profession with little thought of remmneration. He felt "the call of the wild," and went out upon the prairies of Nebraska to administer unto the Indians, more for their benefit, than for compensation. He was a graduate of the University of Maryland, at the corner of Lombard and Greene Streets, in Baltimore, and was then at the age of fifty-four. Upon the occasion of the graduation exercises, which took place at Ford's Opera House, he received his diploma amid great applause. A great pile of bouquets lay upon the floor at his feet and around his neck was placed a large wreath.

I was very fond of drawing and painting and produced many original drawings at the request of my father. A number of these which I drew at the age of six, were sewed together and are still in my possession.

Father taught me to make an Æolian harp by placing silken threads between the window-sashes on windy days. He also took pleasure in performing electrical experiments whenever the air was highly charged with electricity in very cold weather. He took delight in all kinds of physical and chemical experiments.

From early manhood until the time of his death, father subscribed to the Scientific American, and during the latter years of his life to the Patent Office Gazette. These he read assiduously until late at night. We often had to call him to bed, as he would usually doze into a nap before he retired for the night. In the morning we often found his inventive designs drawn upon the margins of the Scientific American.

He was fond of playing cards, chiefly euchre, cribbage and poker, and often entertained his men friends with these diversions. He discovered that when all the names of the denominations of one suit in the deck of cards are spelled, that is, from one up to the king, inclusive, the total number of letters required to spell them

WILLIAM PAINTER.
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERKINS, NOVEMBER 30, 1897.)

MRS. WILLIAM H. JACKSON.
(NOW OF DETROIT, MICH.)

MRS. JACKSON, (EMILIE PAINTER), IS A SISTER OF WILLIAM PAINTER AND WROTE THE OMAHA INDIAN AGENCY LETTERS WHICH APPEAR IN THIS BOOK.

amounts to fifty-two, which is the number of cards in the deck. He was a member of the Athenæum Club during the latter part of his life.

He was always active and nervous in temperament and not the least phlegmatic. He must, however, have had a "Quaker foot," for I never saw him dance. Nor did I ever see him play the piano, read a novel or make a speech. He was modest and unostentatious in everything. His bequests were, for the most part, bestowed quietly and they were many. Generosity was a salient phase of his nature. He was fond of puzzles and problems and usually was successful in solving them. It was never necessary to draw a diagram of a joke in order to explain it to him. He always had a lot of his own jokes up his sleeve.

He had a habit of writing his ideas and making drawings and memoranda upon his cuffs, quite to the dismay of the wash-woman. He ate very little at mid-day; in fact, he was a small eater at all times. He usually sat cross-legged and sideways at the table, a position in which he seemed to enjoy a monopoly. He almost invariably wore a soft felt hat in winter. The conventional thing in Derby hats did not faze him.

His favorite actors were Edwin Booth, Sol Smith Russell and Joseph Jefferson. He had met the latter two at Palm Beach, Florida, and knew Joseph Jefferson quite well. He owned one of Joseph Jefferson's paintings, which we have in the parlor. In it is a female figure carrying a basket. Father asked Joseph Jefferson what was in the basket, and Joseph Jefferson replied, "Whatever it is, it will keep."

He also enjoyed very much John L. Stoddard's lectures and lectures upon all scientific subjects.

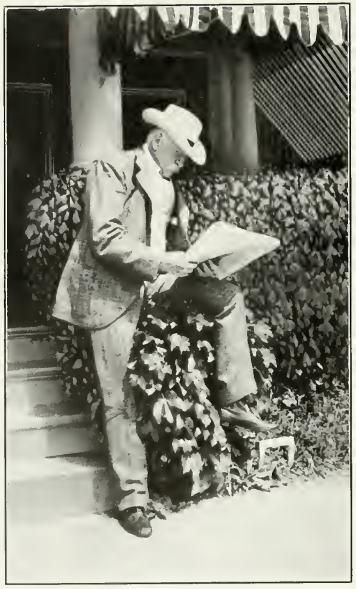
He never failed to take an active interest in everything appertaining to the memory of Poe, and I acquired from him the habit of saving all clippings relating to Poe, to such an extent that I now have a large scrap-book full of articles concerning him. Upon one occasion he was reading "Annabel Lee" to my sister Ethel, who was sitting upon his knee. When he had finished, Ethel was crying, and he asked what she was crying for, to which she replied, "I am so sorry because Annabel Lee is dead."

He sometimes went to hear Rev. John Sparhawk Jones, at the Brown Memorial Church, whose sermons were intellectual and often humorous. Father was not given to outward religious demonstrations. I never heard him pray; I occasionally saw him do it, however. What he wanted, he worked for. If he got it, he shared it with others. He never went into debt, but often helped out others who were so oppressed. I never saw him intoxicated; in fact, he cared very little for liquors of any kind.

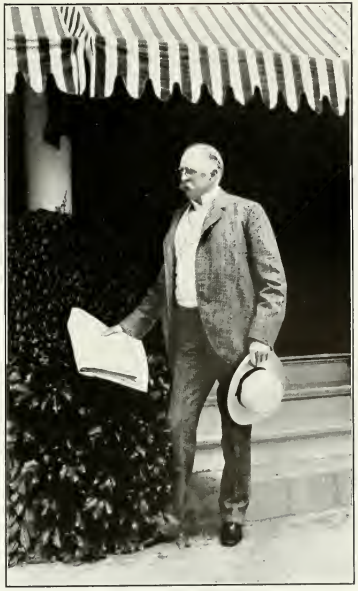
Father often met noted people and used to say that after he had become acquainted with them, they appeared quite human and just like other people.

He once had occasion to secure an elk's head for the purpose of having mounted thereon a pair of antlers which his father had sent to him from Nebraska. In his search he came across a man who not only had a large and beautiful elk's head carved out of wood, but a perfect pair of horns as well. These were separate and were lying in an attic covered with dust. Father bought them at a bargain and had them mounted. They are now in the hall of our home and are the finest I have ever seen.

We also have in our hall an excellent portrait of father which was painted by Thomas C. Corner from life, while he was Secretary and General Manager of The Crown Cork and Seal Company. This was presented to Mother by the Directors of the Company and Mr. Corner painted another for The Crown Cork and Seal Company, which now hangs in their board room. After this I engaged Mr. Corner to



WILLIAM PAINTER.



WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE LIVING AT "THE COLONIES," NEAR PIKESVILLE, MD., 1904.)

paint a third portrait of father, and this I gave to the William Painter Memorial Children's Hospital School, where it may be seen in their reception-room.

Father used to say that "The only way to do a thing, is to do it." What he could not do well, he did not do at all. He often told me that "A stitch in time saves eleven." He also had a way of saying that anyone who bore the name of "Purdy, Perkins, Popjohn, Lipscomb or Simcoe," could not possibly amount to anything. One Christmas I presented him with a drawing I had made of these handicapped personages, which he much enjoyed.

I sometimes tell my friends that father graduated from the "University of Hard Knocks." He certainly graduated at no other. His father had not the means to send him to college, and an ordinary school education was all he was able to acquire. He, however, was a great reader and was what is called "a self-made man."

He was not a Mason and did not affiliate with any orders, except, for a while, with "The Order of the Golden Chain," whose chief function was to pay endowments to widows.

Father had in the archives of his brain many undeveloped ideas. He told me that he had invented wired glass, but never had found time to work on it. It is the kind we see in public buildings and is composed of meshes of wire incorporated within plate glass. Of course the patentee must have done well with it. He had an "Everpoint" pencil and a method of fastening together small pieces of mica, in such a way that they might be made into sheets, but these ideas were never perfected.

Some of his friends used to tell of an extemporized alarm which he once devised to afford him an hour's rest. He was at the house of a friend and had nothing to serve the purpose of awakening him but his own open-faced watch. This he laid upon the bureau and upon the dial he placed a match-stick in such a manner that it would be moved by the minute-hand and thereby upset a few delicately balanced articles which would fall upon the floor and accomplish his purpose. The scheme worked successfully.

He used to tell, himself, about the time when he went to sleep in a street-car and rode to the terminus, late one night. Then he got into the next returning car and went to sleep again and rode to the other terminus. Then he got out and walked home. He also told us how, one night, he had walked two squares past our house, absorbed in his thoughts.

Father's mind was latterly devoted chiefly to bottle-stoppers. On April 14, 1885, he obtained a patent on a wire-retaining stopper, which was easily removed with one hand. This was called "The Triumph." It was at that time better than any other stopper in use. Then came his fountain ice-pitcher and his electric railway, in 1885. This latter, he said, came to him in a dream. I drew the Patent Office sheets for him, and it was patented, but I do not know that it was ever used.

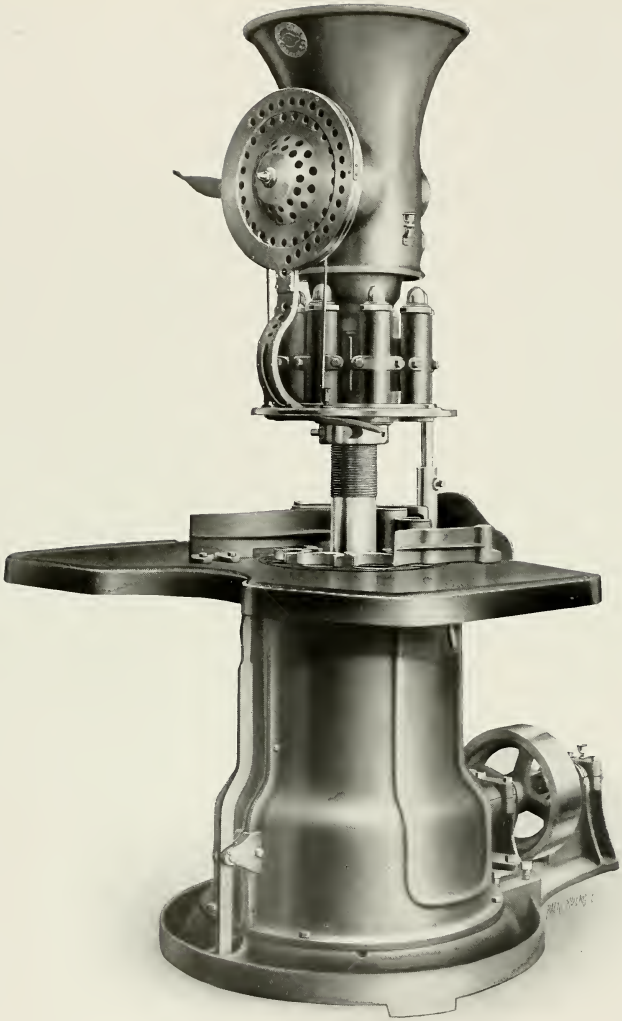
Then came his first inspiration which stamped him as the "pioneer inventor" in the field of single-use bottle-stoppers. He patented the "Bottle Seal" September 29, 1885. This is a flat rubber disk which is pushed through the bottling-machine throat by a collapsible plunger into a retaining groove, within the head of the bottle, where it expands and remains tight. This rubber disk has a facing of canvas which is saturated with mineral wax, and prevents the contents of the bottle from coming into contact with and being injured by the rubber. It was originally extracted by means of special openers, or by means of any pointed instrument which was handy, and subsequently by studs, and loops, which were inserted therein to facilitate its extraction.

Father was all the while performing his experiments at Murrill & Keizer's, where he had his office, and was practising his profession as mechanical engineer. I

MR. JONATHAN K. TAYLOR.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER KEYSER BACHRACH)

MR. TAYLOR FIRST MET WILLIAM PAINTER IN WILMINGTON, IN SEPTEMBER, 1853, WHEN THE LATTER WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE. FROM THAT TIME THEY WERE ALWAYS CLOSE FRIENDS.



Automatic Power Crown Machine invented by William Painter.

The crowning capacity of this machine is from ninety to one hundred bottles per minute. Owing to its enormous efficiency it is known by the Bottling Trade as the "Jumbo."

can see him now as he walked up and down the shop in his shirt-sleeves. He did not wear suspenders. He would now and then take a piece of chalk and draw designs on the floor of the shop; then he would get up, give his trousers a tug and walk on, oblivious of everything else. About this time he got to smoking and said it helped him. I often took bottle-tools to the glass factory to have different kinds of grooves made in the heads of the bottles for him. Once he told me to go up the street and get several barrels to hold the "Seals." Business was now certainly looking up. We first sold them by weight and then by measure, knowing their weight and bulk by the gross. I went through the various phases of the business, helping him all I could.

Father was now fairly awake to the requirements of the bottling industry. He realized the limitations of the "Seal" and set to work to surpass himself.

It was in August, 1891, while on a visit to Narragansett Pier, with my mother and sister Helen, that his first conceptions of what is now the "Crown Cork" came to him. Upon his return in September, he told me that he had a new idea which he believed would revolutionize all then existing methods of bottling, and explained it to me and told me to say nothing about it until the proper time should arrive. He kept working on it and obtained a patent on the "Crown Cork" February 2, 1892. After the idea of the Crown was perfected, of course it was necessary to devise means of applying it to the bottle, which he accomplished successfully. The mechanisms which he devised for this purpose, he told me, had cost him more mental effort than the invention of the Crown itself.

In view of the fact that The Bottle Seal Company was now to take up the manufacture of the Crown Corks, father told me to think up a name for the new company which was about to be formed, which, of course, he could have done himself. I wrote several names on a slip of paper which I thought would be appropriate. In this book will be found an illustration of this slip of paper containing these names, among which is the name of "The Crown Cork & Seal Co.," as first written. At the bottom is his writing, as he at first thought "The Crown and Seal Co." would suffice. The Crown Cork and Seal Company was incorporated April 1, 1893.

Soon after this the Company moved to 500, 502, 504, 506 East Monument Street, adjoining the building of the Brush Electric Light Company. One night the entire Brush Electric Light plant was destroyed by fire. A strong wind was blowing in the opposite direction from our factory and we narrowly escaped a similar fate. An annex was built to our factory and business rapidly increased.

Our family, in the meantime, had, on April 2, 1891, removed to 1202 North Charles Street, having spent fourteen years at our last home on Bolton Street. While living on Charles Street, in 1893, I made three phonographic records of Father's voice, which I still have. In one he read parts of "Childe Harold," by Byron; in another he read part of "Tam O' Shanter," by Burns, and in another he spoke to my Grandmother Painter, who was visiting us.

It was on January 28, 1895, that father first suffered an attack of nervous prostration. He was in his office at the Monument Street factory. Dr. Bryson Wood was summoned and accompanied him home. Dr. Nathan R. Gorter then attended him and within a few months he was much improved. During this attack father required that the house be kept quite warm, especially upon one very cold day, February 9, 1895. I mention the date, as it was an important one to us, for at half-past one o'clock on that afternoon, the house caught fire from an overheated flue. I called out the Fire Department and several engines came. However, the Salvage Corps extinguished the flames without the need of hose, which had already been dragged into the building. The house was rendered untenantable and we immediately removed to

the Stafford. Soon after this, father, still being in a nervous condition, took a trip to Florida. Upon our return father first rented, and then bought, the country place of Dixon C. Walker, a short distance above Pikesville, on the Reisterstown Road, which we named "The Colonies." This was on April 26, 1895.

We spent twelve summers at "The Colonies," moving back to town every fall, except the first. "The Colonies" was sold to Mr. James H. Preston, March 19, 1908.

Father bought the residence, 1129 North Calvert Street, September 3, 1897, and we moved into it November 3, of that year.

It was in June, 1901, that father suffered another serious break-down and soon after made his second trip to Europe with members of the family, his first trip having been in 1895.

In the meantime, during the middle of May, 1897, The Crown Cork and Seal Company had moved from its Monument Street factory to its new building at 1511-1523 Guilford Avenue, which had just been built by George Bunnecke & Sons. During its erection, the Company occupied the machine shop in the rear, on Lanvale Street, which had been bought from the Union File Works.

At this time I was at the high tide of my business activity. My functions were those of manager of the advertising of The Crown Cork and Seal Company. I had charge of the publishing of catalogues, advertising in the various Bottling Trade journals, and all kinds of general advertising. The public, as well as the Bottling Trade, were to be instructed in the use of our single-use bottle-stoppers, which meant a breaking-away from old and unsanitary methods. I remained in this capacity until January 23, 1903, when I left the Company upon the same day that my Father relinquished his office as Secretary and General-Manager.

The patents of The Crown Cork and Seal Company were protected by much litigation, which called for the most skilled legal talent. In the prosecution of this department of the work, Col. William C. Wood, Gen. Ellis Spear and Mr. Robert H. Parkinson put forth their best energies. Books have been and might be written upon the legal acumen of these men in their business relations with the Company.

This account would be incomplete without reference being made to some of Father's co-workers. Notably among these was Mr. James L. Murrill, who was a bosom friend of his, and for many years asisted him in every way possible with his work. Also, Mr. John C. Murrill, a brother of Mr. James L. Murrill, was always very faithful in assisting him to carry out his ideas. Mr. Robert A. Hall and Mr. Albert A. Carper assisted him with his early experiments.

Mr. William C. Wood, to whom reference has already been made, was a staunch and devoted friend of my father, and so remained until the last. I cannot adequately express the implicit confidence which my father placed in him.

Mr. Thomas R. Alexander was also for many years a devoted friend of my father and was assistant secretary and manager, first of The Bottle Seal Company and then of The Crown Cork and Seal Company.

Mr. Samuel G. B. Cook rendered valuable services in introducing, first, the Bottle Seal, and afterwards the Crown Cork into London and throughout the United Kingdom, and subsequently into all foreign countries. He was, for some years, the manager of The Crown Cork Company, Limited, of London, and was instrumental in placing the Crown Cork with the Apollinaris Company and many other large users of bottle-stoppers. This work was very arduous and required excellent business ability. After many trips abroad, Mr. Cook returned to Baltimore, where he is now making his home.

Mr. Emanuel E. Teale, Mr. Charles F. French, Mr. Valentine Smith, Mr. Harry Westley, Mr. William H. Wheeler, and Mr. William W. Wentworth, were also faithful

The Board of Directors of The Crown Cork and Seal Co., March 29, 1900.
Jordan Stabler, Harvey Coale, John Black, Charles H. Koppelman,
William Painter, Joseph Friedenwald, Alexander H. Schultz.

co-workers. Mr. Gwynne E. Painter had charge of the electrical installation of the plant. Mr. John T. Hawkins was the consulting engineer of the Company.

Mr. King C. Gillette, now of "Safety Razor" fame, was once the New England representative of the Company, and his brother, Mott G. Gillette, was also a representative. Mr. Lewis S. Greensfelder was the Baltimore representative of The Crown Cork and Seal Company and his brothers, Joseph S. Greensfelder, Charles S. Greensfelder, and Ben. S. Greensfelder were travelling Representatives of the Company as were also Messrs. M. Morris, H. Scarborough, H. H. Penniman and George Eugene Sturgis. The representatives, in 1897, presented my father with a handsome gold headed cane.

On May 7, 1906, my father bought the residence, 204 Ridgewood Road, Roland Park, from Col. John C. Legg, who built it. He did not live to occupy it, however.

Father retired from The Crown Cork and Seal Company on January 23, 1903, having been Secretary and General Manager thereof from the time of its incorporation, and of The Bottle Seal Company before it.

From that time on his health was precarious and he suffered much. He travelled, took long walks, automobile trips, and resorted to Christian Science, which afforded him temporary peace of mind. He had been to California twice, after giving up his active duties with The Crown Cork and Seal Company, first during the winter of 1903-1904, with Mr. William Ferris, Jr., of Denver, (formerly of Wilmington, Del.), and afterwards with members of his family, which was during the fall and winter of 1904, when he visited the St. Louis Exposition en route to California, having taken his automobile with him. In January, 1904, he went to Florida, and was there during the time of the Baltimore fire, which occurred on February 7, 1904. He had, in former years, made many trips to Florida, where he always regained health in some degree.

On June 1, 1906, he was taken to the Johns Hopkins Hospital with the object of taking the rest cure under Dr. Lewellys F. Barker and competent nurses. An operation was found to be necessary, which was performed by Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood on July 4. From this he never rallied, and died on Sunday morning, at half past three o'clock, July 15, 1906. His last words were a quotation from Scripture: "I am the life."

The burial services took place on Wednesday, at 11 A. M., July 18, at the residence, 204 Ridgewood Road, Roland Park Many beautiful floral tributes were received at the home. The services were conducted by the Society of Friends. Dr. O. Edward Janney and Col. William C. Wood spoke feelingly of his life and works. The interment took place in Druid Ridge Cemetery, near Pikesville. The honorary pallbearers were Gen. John M. Hood, Dr. Nathan R. Gorter, Col. William C. Wood and Messrs. Edward Stabler, Jr., William Ferris, Jr., Rufus W. Applegarth, James L. Murrill and John M. Wight. The active pallbearers were employees of Henry W. Jenkins & Sons.

I can truthfully say that no parents could possibly be more loving and kind than father and mother were to my sisters and myself, and for their loving ministration we shall never cease to be grateful.

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

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MRS. WILLIAM PAINTER.
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFRES, APRIL 18, 1914.)

WILLIAM PAINTER'S PATENTS.

[This list, (continued on next page), is taken from a volume of Specifications of Letters Patent, issued to William Painter, in possession of Orrin C. Painter.]

1.	21,082—Aug.	3, 1858.	Fare Box.
2.	21,356—Aug.	31, 1858.	Railroad Car Seat and Couch.
3.	35,834—July	8, 1862.	Counterfeit Coin Detector.
4.	39,102—June	30, 1863.	Lamp Burner.
5.	2,854—Feb.	4, 1868.	Improvement in Lamp Burners.
6.	45,950—Jan.	17, 1865.	Material for making Boxes.
7.	49,782—Sept.	5, 1865.	Joining Sheet Metal Bands.
8.	104,992—July	5, 1870.	Seed Sower.
9.	122,847—Jan.	16, 1872.	Gauge Cocks for Steam Boilers.
10.	125,841—April	16, 1872.	Lubricating Car Axles.
11.	127,917—June	11, 1872.	Feed Water Regulator and Alarm.
12.	133,048—Nov.	12, 1872.	Oscillating Pumps.
13.	141,587—Aug.	5, 1873.	Pump Valves.
14.	155,667—Oct.	6, 1874.	Valves.
15.	155,669—Oct.	6, 1874.	Valves.
16.	155,668—Oct.	6, 1874.	Valves.
17.	155,670—Oct.	6, 1874.	Pumps.
18.	160,700—March	9, 1875.	Hose Coupling.
19.	160,701—March	9, 1875.	Apparatus for Pump.
20.	160,702—March	9, 1875.	Discharge Gate.
21.	160,703—March	9, 1875.	Measuring Indicator.
22.	160,704—March	9, 1875.	Foot Pipe for Suction Hose.
23.	162,945—May	4, 1875.	Transit Tank.
24.	163,238—May	11, 1875.	Transit Tank.
25.	168,775—Oct.	11, 1875.	Valve.
26.	168,776—Oct.	11, 1875.	Valve.
27.	175,144—March	21, 1876.	Valve.
28.	175,145—March	21, 1876.	Valve.
29.	181,535—Aug.	29, 1876.	Flexible Pump Valve.
30.	7,620—April	17, 1877.	Counterfeit Coin Detector.
31.	187,411—Feb.	13, 1877.	Pump Valve.
32.	193,029—July	10, 1877.	Plaiting Machine.
33.	198,146—Dec.	11, 1877.	Pipe Joint.
34.	223,533—Jan.	13, 1880.	Soldering Tool.
35.	234,608—Nov.	16, 1880.	Marking Plug Tobacco.
36.	247,270—Sept.	20, 1881.	Lamp Burner.
37.	277,332—May	8, 1883.	Machine for Sheet Roofing.
38.	269,225—Dec.	19, 1882.	Automatic Telephone Signal.
39.	315,655—April	14, 1885.	Bottle Stopper Fastener.
40.	316,646—April	28, 1885.	Fountain Pitcher.
41.	320,679—June	23, 1885.	Electric Railway.
42.	324,040—Aug.	11, 1885.	Bottle Stopper.
43.	327,099—Sept.	29, 1885.	Bottle Stopper.
44.	329,589—Nov.	3, 1885.	Lamp Wick and Burner.

WILLIAM PAINTER'S PATENTS.

(Continued.)

45.	283,356—Aug.	14, 1883.	Pulley Covering.
46.	438,708—Aug.	21, 1890.	Bottling Machine.
47.	438,709—Oct.	21, 1890.	Bottle Stopper.
48.	438,710—Oct.	21, 1890.	Bottle Stopper Extractor.
49.	438,711—Oct.	21, 1890.	Bottle Stopper Fastener.
50.	438,712—Oct.	21, 1890.	Machine for inserting Wire Loops in Seals.
51.	443,728—Dec.	30, 1890.	Tool for forming Necks for Bottles.
52.	449,822—April	7, 1891.	Bottle Stopper.
53.	468,226—Feb.	2, 1892.	Bottle Sealing Device.
54.	468,258—Feb.	2, 1892.	Bottle Sealing Device.
55.	468,259—Feb.	2, 1892.	Bottle Sealing Device.
56.	473,776—April	26, 1892.	Method and Means for Bottling Liquids.
57.	514,200—Feb.	6, 1894.	Cap Bottle Opener.
58.	528,485—Oct.	30, 1894.	Bottle Seal or Stopper.
59.	528,486—Oct.	30, 1894.	Bottle Seal or Stopper.
60.	528,487—Oct.	30, 1894.	Bottle Seal or Stopper.
61.	540,072—May	28, 1895.	Bottle Stopper.
62.	582,762—May	18, 1897.	Bottle Sealing Device.
63.	605,334—June	7, 1898.	Sheet Feeding Machine for Punching Machine.
64.	608,157—July	26, 1898.	Bottle Sealing Device.
65.	608,158—July	26, 1898.	Bottling Machine.
66.	11,685—July	26, 1898.	Bottle Stopper (Re-issue).
67.	609,209—Aug.	16, 1898.	Machine for Applying Corks and Seals to Bottles.
68.	613,936—Nov.	8, 1898.	Appliance for forming Corrugated Caps.
69.	615,099—Nov.	29, 1898.	Bottle Closure.
70.	619,336—Feb.	14, 1899.	Gluten Compound.
71.	619,337—Feb.	14, 1899.	Gluten Compound.
72.	619,338—Feb.	14, 1899.	Gluten Compound.
73.	625,055—May	16, 1899.	Closure for Sealing Bottles.
74.	638,354—Dec.	5, 1899.	Machine for Automatically Sealing Bottles.
75.	643,973—Feb.	20, 1899.	Automatic Appa. for Feeding Crowns.
76.	671,228—April	2, 1901.	Process of Making Glutinous Compound.
77.	671,229—April	2, 1901.	Process of Making Glutinous Compound.
78.	671,230—April	2, 1901.	Process of Making Glutinous Compound.
79.	684,521—Oct.	15, 1901.	Composition of Matter.
80.	684,522—Oct.	15, 1901.	Gluten Compound.
81.	684,523—Oct.	15, 1901.	Gluten Compound.
82.	684,524—Oct.	15, 1901.	Composition of Matter.
83.	792,284—June	13, 1905.	Method of Manufacturing Bottle Closures.
84.	792,285—June	13, 1905.	Bottle Sealing Cap or Closure.
85.	887,838—May	19, 1908.	Machine for Making Closures for Bottles and the like. (Issued after decease.)

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY POEM.

(Dedicated to William Painter by his sister, Emilie Painter. (Mrs. William H. Jackson). November 20, 1859.)

Brother, dear, thy life's bright childhood,
Seeming to us but a span,
Now has vanished,—we behold thee,
Twenty-one! Thou art a man!

Ever will that dear word, "childhood,"
Be sweet music to thy ears,
Calling up through retrospection
Memories of departed years.

Back through time thy thoughts will wander
When the years crowd thickly on,
Gleaning from thy sunny hours
Pleasures that are past and gone.

Now no more our happy school-days
Will be here, they too have passed;
Slowly in time's fading distance,
They have vanished now at last.

I remember, still remember,
In our wanton childish hours,
How we chased the butterflies
Leading us among the flowers;

How we wandered by the river,
In the noon-day's scorching beam,
And our hearts with pleasure bounding,
Waded in the cooling stream.

Woe unto the little minnows
That we caught within our net,
Quickly to the shore we bore them
With our clothes all dripping wet!

How it touched our tender heartstrings
When we saw them writhe in death;
How we, hoping to restore them,
In their mouths blew our warm breath.

Twenty-first Birthday Anniversary Poem.

I could now recall a volume
From the pages of the past;
When upon my memory's tablet
One long lingering look I cast.

Then our hearts were free from sorrow,—
We knew not one corroding care,
But only waiting for the morrow
Found our joyous moments there.

Those bright bubbles now are bursting,
How soon our fondest hopes decay!
We see it in the fragile flower
That blooms to live but for a day.

Now no more in our home circle
Will be filled thy vacant seat;
We no longer anxious listen
For the echo of thy feet.

But thou hast left us,—left us all,—
And upon life's troubled sea
Thy bark is cast; but Oh, believe
Thy sister's fond heart yearns for thee!

Round thy pathway bloom sweet flowers,
Whose rich fragrance scents the air;
Tread softly on this gay parterre,
Piercing thorns are lurking there!

In thy heart's most inward recess
Be the priceless gem of Truth;
It will be a guardian angel
In the tempted paths of youth.

Seek not fame, Oh, it will never,
Banish from thy brow one care;
It will lure thee for a season,
But still its impress will be there.

Tread not the halls where gilded splendor
Thy ever searching eye will greet,
Where the pealing bursts of music
Beat a march to dancing feet.

Then, Oh, then, the flowing goblet
Will tempt thee with its sparkling wine;
Bend thy knee not unto Bacchus,
But at Religion's holy shrine!

Twenty-first Birthday Anniversary Poem.

I have often sat at even
  When the sun sinks in the west,
Watching that bright orb departing
  As it slowly sank to rest,

Throwing its descending rays
  Upward in the golden sky,
Tinging the bright fleecy clouds
  With brilliant red, or purple dye,

Thinking that, how bright must be
  The sunset of a Christmas even,
As the rays of his pure life
  Sank slowly in a cloudless heaven.

Oh, may'st thou follow not the footsteps
  Of the wayward who have trod
Far from the paths of peace and virtue,
  But give thy youthful heart to God!

These are thoughts I could not banish,
  They have come unsought by me;
Fraught with prayers for thy best welfare,
  I have penned them down for thee.

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(From "Baltimore: Its History and its People," by various contributors. Published by Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York and Chicago, 1912.)

There are some men who take possession of the public heart and hold it after they have gone, not by flashes of genius or brilliant services, but by kindness and the force of personal character, and by steady and persistent good conduct in all the situations and under all the trials of life. They are in sympathy with all that is useful and pure and good in the community in which they reside, and the community on its side cheerfully responds by extending to them respectful admiration and sincere affection. Such a man was William Painter, whose name heads this sketch. As a business man he was in many respects a model. The goal of his ambition was success, but he would succeed only on the basis of truth and honor. He scorned deceit and duplicity, and would not palliate false representations, either in his own employ or among his customers and correspondents. No amount of gain could allure him from the undeviating line of rectitude. Justice and equity he regarded as the cornerstones of the temple of trade, without which it could not stand.

Mr. Painter traced his descent in both paternal and maternal lines from old Pennsylvania Quaker stock. He was sixth in descent from Samuel Painter, who came from England about 1699, and settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania. His maternal line is that of the Gilpins, who settled in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, early in the eighteenth century. The name attained prominence in the past and present annals of the Gilpin family, both in Maryland and Pennsylvania. His father was Dr. Edward Painter, a noted physician, who married, September 1, 1834, Louisa Gilpin, born December 11, 1814, died May 16, 1896, daughter of Joseph Gilpin, who was born May 17, 1780, died March 29, 1858. He married, in 1802, Sarah Pierce. Joseph Gilpin lived at Sandy Spring, Montgomery County, Maryland. Joseph Gilpin's father was Gideon Gilpin, who married, December 1, 1762, Sarah Gregg; he was born December 4, 1738, died August 20, 1825. (A full account of the genealogy of the Gilpin family, together with the coat-of-arms, is to be found in sketch of the late Bernard Gilpin, elsewhere in this work.)

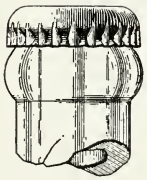
William Painter was born at Triadelphia, Montgomery County, Maryland, November 20, 1838, and died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, July 15, 1906. His boyhood days were spent on the homestead farm, and it was owing to the health and strength he gathered in these early days that Mr. Painter was enabled to endure the great mental and physical strain that he was subjected to during his later life. Even in his boyhood he evinced a decided genius for inventive and mechanical work. In addition to his inventive ability, he was endowed with a remarkable talent for business methods, a combination rarely met with, which enabled him to reap the benefits accruing from his labors. He paid the most extraordinary attention to the details of whatever engaged his attention, and this persistence was probably the mainspring of the success which attended his efforts. He knew not what it was to feel discouraged; any trial which did not bring to perfection the idea with which his mind was busied was simply regarded by him as a bit of experimental

work, which it had been absolutely necessary to perform, in order to attain the desired result; discouragement was an unknown word to him. An idea of the magnitude of his labors may be gained from the fact that he received almost one hundred patents from the United States, in addition to the foreign patents connected with these, which were also numerous. He was one of the most prolific and successful inventors of the State of Maryland, and was rarely without a number of patents pending. His inventions covered a wide range of ideas, and he was nearly always engaged with one or more of them, especially since 1861, when he adopted the profession of mechanical engineering. The best known of his inventions are the crown cork, the loop seal, the aluminum system of bottle-stoppering, and the machinery connected with the manufacture of these articles. He has been called the "pioneer inventor" of this branch of the bottling industry, and it is true that he commenced his investigation in this field of industry in 1882, when he noticed the great need of improvements in this direction. The idea of using stoppers designed to be thrown away after being used once originated with him. The bottling machines and mechanisms he invented for the manufacture of stoppers are ingenious marvels, the automatic crown power machine being the most rapid and effective bottle-stoppering machine ever introduced. The systems he established are in use all over the world, factories for the manufacture of stoppers and the various bottling machines being in operation in Baltimore, London, Hamburg, Paris, Yokohama, Toronto and the City of Mexico. As a young man Mr. Painter attended the Friends' School at Fallston, Harford County, Maryland, and Alsopp's and the Friends' School at Wilmington, Delaware, after leaving which he engaged in the hide and leather business in that city. Subsequently, he came to Baltimore, where he found employment as foreman in the machine shop of Murrill & Keizer, in Holliday street, and while working there perfected the greater number of his inventions. Among his other inventions are a variety of pumps. One design was used extensively by the government at Santiago in pumping water out of the sunken and partly submerged vessels. This pump is said to be so constructed that long pieces of rope, wire cable, and good-sized boulders can be pumped through the valve without apparent interference with the manipulation of the machine. He served as secretary and general manager of the Bottle Seal Company from 1885 until 1892, when, having patented the crown cork, he organized the Crown Cork and Seal Company, which absorbed the former corporation, and Mr. Painter was the secretary and general manager of the latter corporation from 1892 until January, 1903. Mr. Painter was a life member of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, and a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the Merchants and Miners' Association, the Athenæum Club of Baltimore, the Baltimore Country Club, the Baltimore Yacht Club and the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club. For twelve years he resided at his country home, "The Colonies," during the summer months, near Pikesville; in the spring of 1906 he purchased the residence of Colonel John C. Legg, at Roland Park. In 1895 and 1901 he went abroad with his family; he had made several trips to California, and considered Florida as an ideal spot for rest and recreation. He married Harriet M. Deacon, who is noted far and wide for her admirable qualities of mind and heart, and the amiability which made a thoroughly happy and contented home life. She is a descendant of a well-known Chester County family. They have had three children: Helen Churchman, who married Richards Carson, son of Cornelius Irving and Katharine (Smith) Meeker; Ethel Gilpin, who married John Mifflin, son of General John M. Hood; and Orrin Chalfant.

Mr. Painter took especial pride in the fact that he was a native of Maryland, that the company which he had called into life was a home industry, and he was an optimist in all that related to the development and brilliant prospects of Baltimore.

On one occasion he said: "There is but one Baltimore, and there is no need of saying to anybody that it is in Maryland." He believed that the possibilities for the expansion of mechanical industry in Baltimore were without a parallel anywhere. Socially, Mr. Painter was modest and possessed a most amiable and generous nature. His industry and energy, his courage and fidelity to principle, are illustrated in his career; and brief and imperfect as this sketch necessarily is, it falls far short of justice to him if it fails to excite regret that there are not more citizens like him in virtue and ability, and gratitude that there are some so worthy of honor and emulation.

THE CROWN CORK.



THE CROWN CORK.

SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE CROWN CORK.

WILLIAM PAINTER AND THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO.

By John T. Hawkins.

(From the Baltimore Journal of Commerce, November 13, 1897.)

Among the most prominent industrial concerns with which Baltimore is favored, there is probably not one of which so little is publicly known as that set forth in the above caption, and a description of the extraordinary growth of this Company from small beginnings, as well as some knowledge of the characteristics of its founder and moving spirit, cannot fail to interest our business men and citizens generally. As leading up to a general exposition of the business, perhaps the better way will be to begin with the man who has been the author and principally the guide and manager of it all, Mr. William Painter.

Mr. Painter comes, on both sides, of old Pennsylvania Quaker stock, and is himself a birthright member of the Society of Friends. He is a son of the late Dr. Edward Painter, and his mother was a Gilpin—a name of considerable prominence, both in the past and present, in Maryland and Pennsylvania. His ancestry is clearly traceable, on the maternal line, back to the thirteenth century. The original Quaker stock came from England and settled in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, early in the eighteenth century. The present William Painter was born in "Old Montgomery," Maryland, in 1838.

Like many of our prominent scientific men and inventors, Mr. Painter's early days were of the bucolic order, which has served an excellent purpose in fitting such men with that robustness of physique which enables them to withstand successfully the great nervous strain incidental to the inventive faculty, and it has generally stood him in good stead. To those who are personally and professionally acquainted with him he appears as an epitome of restless energy and indomitable perseverance, combined with a remarkable genius for everything of a mechanical and scientific nature, but unlike many similarly constituted men who fail to apply their genius to their worldly advancement, he possesses that somewhat rare combination with these of such an excellent talent for business methods as to have insured to himself an adequate pecuniary reward for his labors. The most salient factor, perhaps, in Mr. Painter's remarkable success is his peculiar faculty of persistency, his genius being of that order which largely consists in taking infinite pains. Discouragement over initial failure to realize his conceptions is to him an unknown sensation, and it is to a great extent because of this peculiarity that he has been successful where so many fail.

The extent of his labors will be appreciated when it is known that he is already the recipient of nearly 100 United States patents, to say nothing of their more numerous foreign offspring, and he is rarely without some dozen or more pending. He is one of the most prolific inventors Maryland has ever produced, and certainly one of the most successful. These inventions have covered a very wide field, and from 1861, when he adopted for himself the profession of mechanical engineering, he has been actively engaged on one or more of them. Mr. Painter is a life member of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and Athenæum Club of this city. All in all,

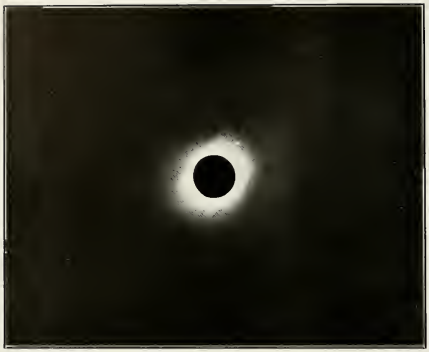
in a professional light he is certainly to be regarded as one of the favored few who have been blessed with the faculty of adding in no inconsiderable degree to the sum of human progress in this prolific century.

Socially, he is modest to a fault, possessed of that largeness of heart which is not always found in busy men of the world, and is of such peculiarly genial and acceptable make-up as to cause him to be beloved by all who know him. As might be predicted of such a man, Mr. Painter's home circle is an ideal one; with a charming wife, the companion and helpmate in his early struggles, two equally charming daughters and an excellent son, now grown to man and woman's estate; with a beautiful summer home just beyond Pikesville and a stately mansion on the corner of Calvert and Biddle streets, in this city, for a winter residence, he might reasonably be the envy of most people, were it possible to entertain that phase of human emotion towards such a man and such a family.

Without attempting to specify or enumerate his long list of valuable inventions in many diverse fields and to come down to the time when the above-mentioned industry was in the embryotic state, it will suffice to say that in 1882 he first began to explore the field which has yielded such flattering results as will be described below. Primarily it consisted in devising better and cheaper means than was then known of sealing bottles. The great possibilities of this industry soon became apparent to him, and he has since devoted his entire time and talents to the development of what now constitutes an entirely novel and complete system, which really involves the entire bottling industry, and with a success which is measurably exemplified in the extensive and thoroughly equipped establishment shown in our illustration, which has only recently been completed and occupied.

To adequately appreciate the amount of inventive study (probably the most exhaustive of all human pursuits) involved in perfecting his two present systems, it must be borne in mind that the original happy conceptions of the actual methods of sealing bottles devised by him, while brilliant strokes of genius in themselves, constitute but a small fraction of the real inventive and mental effort involved in their successful application and their commercial success. The bringing of them to a complete system or systems made necessary the invention, design and construction of a large variety of machines and appurtenances both for the production of the sealing devices themselves and their economic application to bottles, as well as machinery and appliances for making the bottles themselves. Some of these are marvels of ingenuity, and without which his original brilliant conceptions would have been commercially valueless, and it is just here that this peculiarly compounded man has met with unqualified success where a majority of men would have failed.

Mr. Painter's aim was to institute a system of bottling which, while being as absolutely gas-tight as the best grades of the ordinary cork, would be so cheap in comparison with them that when once used they might be thrown away, thus eliminating the vital objection, where potable liquids were concerned, of the unwholesomeness of sealing devices which were repeatedly used, and of which there were then many extant as substitutes for corks, to say nothing of the repeated use of corks themselves for the cheaper grades of beverages. The invention, design and construction of machinery and appliances for the production of the sealing articles in vast numbers, mechanical means for their economic application to the bottles and the origination and construction of apparatus for use in glass factories where the bottles are made, together constitute a task of such magnitude as few can have any conception of. If we add to this the legal, commercial and business acumen required to successfully protect his many inventions by patents, and organize and arrange the application of capital to their exploitation, both here and abroad, the magnitude



Photograph of total eclipse of the sun, made May 28, 1900, by Mr. Albert B. Hoen, of Baltimore, at Virginia Beach. The spot near the sun is Mercury. Venus was also visible during the eclipse.

William Painter, at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, May 28, 1900.

WILLIAM PAINTER,

AS AN INTERESTED OBSERVER AT THE TIME OF THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, WHICH OCCURRED AT ROCKY MOUNT, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 28, 1900.

THE ECLIPSE BEGAN AT ABOUT 8.25 A. M. AND WAS OVER AT ABOUT 10 A. M. TOTALITY OCCURRED AT ABOUT 9.12 A. M. AND LASTED ABOUT A MINUTE AND A HALF.

EDWARD A. OSSE, A BALTIMORE ASTRONOMER, IS PACKING UP HIS TELESCOPE, ASSISTED BY ORRIN C. PAINTER.

MEMBERS OF THE BALTIMORE ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION AND OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY WERE PRESENT UPON THIS OCCASION, AND THEIR OBSERVATIONS WERE CONDUCTED IN A TOBACCO FIELD, THE USE OF WHICH HAD BEEN GRANTED THEM.

of Mr. Painter's labors and his capacity in all these auxiliary fields will be equally apparent.

The first of the two fundamental conceptions which have grown to their present magnitude was patented in 1882, and was known as the "Bottle Seal." It consists, as finally perfected, in what every user of bottled beverages will recognize as a rubber disc containing a loop of wire, by means of which it is extracted from the bottle, and somewhat resembling an ordinary shank button. It is forcibly compressed into an annular recess formed in the bottle mouth, and is lined with an inert fabric to prevent contact of the contents of the bottle with the rubber. This device was the beginning of what is now known as single-use stoppers, referred to above.

In 1892 Mr. Painter patented his now well-known "Crown Cork," which has already become as familiar to the users of bottled goods as his original "Seal." This conception, when put into practice, became at once as acceptable as it was ingenious and novel. It was a radical departure from all previous devices for seal ing bottles, in that it depended upon exterior contact only with the head of the bottle for resistance to internal pressure. An exhaustive description of the mechanical and scientific principles involved in this device would be too long to insert here; suffice it to say that it consists in a cap or crown of tinplate, lined with a thin disc of cork, which makes gas-tight contact with the top edge of the bottle mouth, and is elastically held in place by the forcible compression of a series of peculiarly formed corrugations on its outer edge about a suitably-formed rib on the bottle-head. Like its predecessor, the "Seal," the "Crown Cork" is for single use only, and is far more easily removed from the bottle by a suitable "opener" than is the ordinary cork, as in fact is also true of the "Seal."

The Crown Cork very quickly established for itself a reputation among both bot tlers and consumers, particularly as applied to the bottling of the higher grades of beverages. Although but about four years old, its production has become something enormous, and already vies most favorably with the Seal for public favor. The following figures will give a general idea of the extent of the industry employed in the production and application of these two systems: In the month of July last the sale of Seals alone was 180,000 gross, and for the year ending October 31st, 1,280,150 gross, or over 184,000,000 Seals. Of Crown Corks there were sold in July nearly 100,000 gross, and for the year ending with October, 657,600 gross, or nearly 94,000,000 Crowns. This makes a total product of both systems for the year of nearly 280,000,000, or very close to a million pieces for every actual working day in the year.

Perhaps the extent to which this business has grown cannot be more forcibly shown than by the amount of materials used therein; for example, in the manufacture of Seals there is consumed weekly from ten to twelve tons of rubber and about half that weight of steel wire for the loops, and in the production of the Crown Corks there is consumed in the same period from ten to fifteen tons of tinplate of the highest quality. The Crowns are in many instances fancifully decorated with the trademarks of the various customers, these designs being printed on the tin lithographically, and this alone forms no inconsiderable industry. There are already in use over 130 of these special designs. There are over 100 glass factories in the United States which make Crown and Seal bottles, and the number of bottlers, brewers and others who use the Crowns and Seals, one or both, is over 3,000. The yearly convention of the National Bottlers' Association meets in Baltimore in October, 1898, principally through the efforts and influence of this concern.

The Company employs about 200 people immediately within its own premises, and when the numbers employed in the production of rubber, cork, tin, wire and

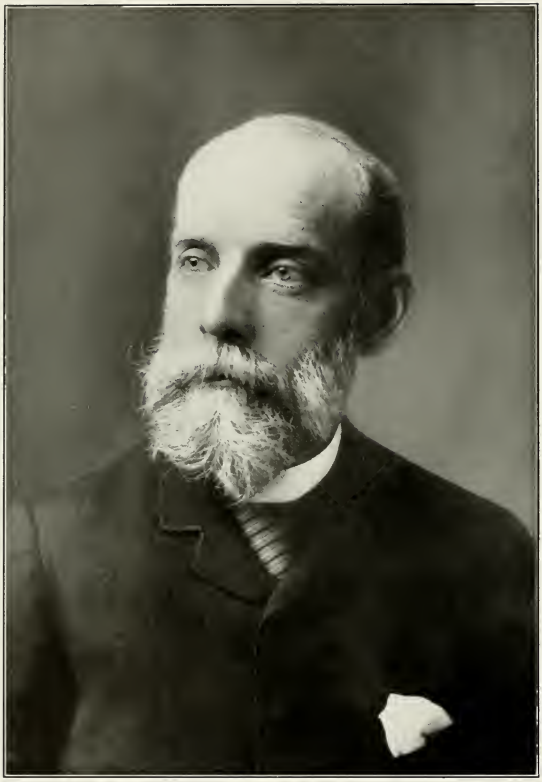
various other articles used in their connection are considered, it is safe to say that this industry finds employment for over 1,000 people. It produces more Crowns and Seals combined than the total product of all other makers of sealing devices in this country, with the single exception of the ordinary corks.

When it is remembered that bottlers who use one or both of these sealing systems must have one or more machines for applying them, while some of the more extensive concerns require rapid automatic machinery; that every one of the 100 bottle-makers require special appliances for forming the bottles, and that the whole of this machinery and all its appurtenances are made by this company in its own factory, in addition to the enormous output of Crowns and Seals enumerated above, the real extent of this business becomes apparent.

But the marvel of it all is that, in its entirety, it is the result of the brain work, as guided and upheld by the indomitable energy and perseverance of the one man whose portrait herewith appears. No wonder that once he did break down from sheer overwork, and was reluctantly obliged to relinquish the helm and take a trip to Europe with his family, as an urgent matter of recuperation. Since his return, however, he has profited by experience, and has associated with him some men of kindred thought and purpose, who now largely relieve him of the cares of the more harassing details of the business, and render his pathway easier and smoother. Among these is Mr. John T. Hawkins, Mechanical Engineer, late of Taunton, Mass., a very old friend and associate, who is especially employed as aid to Mr. Painter in his experimental researches, and acts more generally as Consulting Engineer for the Company. Mr. Painter has lately visibly improved in health, and while he always has in hand and in progress improvements on his present methods, and is constantly reaching out towards a higher standard in everything, he is now enabled to follow his favorite pursuit without endangering his health.

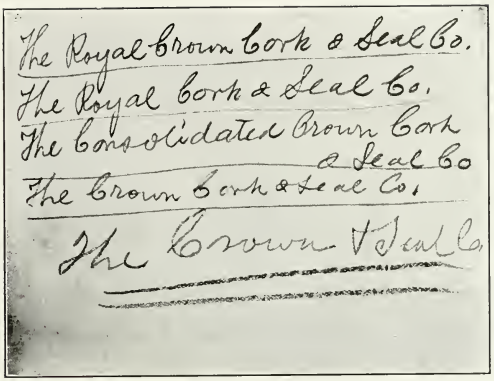
The Company's affairs are conducted in the most harmonious manner, and as an instance of the esteem in which Mr. Painter is held by his coadjutors, the board of directors, at the installation of the new building, voted in a most flattering address to present Mr. Painter with his life-size portrait, to be painted by one of our first artists, and to be hung in the Directors' room as a constant reminder of what the Company owes to its founder. This business is pre-eminently a home enterprise, and its capital stock is almost entirely owned in Baltimore, Mr. Painter being one of the largest holders.

Mr. T. R. Alexander is assistant manager of the Company, and Mr. E. E. Teale, superintendent of the works. The board of directors are: Joseph Friedenwald, Alexander H. Schultz, William Painter, Harvey Coale, Chas. H. Koppelman, John Black, Jordan Stabler. The officers of the Company are: Joseph Friedenwald, president; Alexander H. Schultz, vice-president; William Painter, secretary and general manager; Harvey Coale, assistant secretary; Chas. H. Koppelman, treasurer; John Black, assistant treasurer.

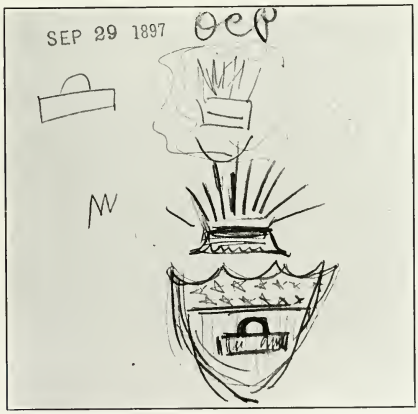


MR. WILLIAM C. WOOD.

(PATENT ATTORNEY AND INTIMATE FRIEND OF WILLIAM PAINTER FROM 1874.)



PHOTOGRAPH OF SLIP OF PAPER, UPON WHICH APPEARS THE NAME OF "THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO." AS FIRST WRITTEN BY ORRIN C. PAINTER IN 1891.



PHOTOGRAPH OF A SLIP OF PAPER UPON WHICH APPEARS THE TRADE-MARK OF THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO. AS DESIGNED BY ORRIN C. PAINTER, SEPTEMBER 29, 1897.

GENIUS THAT SUCCEEDS.

A GREAT LESSON IN RATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT.

A BALTIMOREAN WHOSE WONDERFUL INVENTIONS HAVE BENEFITED HIS FELLOW-MEN.

PROOF THAT TIRELESS PERSISTENCE CANNOT FAIL OF TRIUMPHANT ACCOMPLISHMENT.

By William A. Lewis, April 10, 1901.

If you were to meet upon the street a tall gentleman of military bearing, with florid complexion and a white moustache; clad in the groomed manner of good taste, a silk hat and fashionable clothing; with kindly eyes, which have the twinkle in them that tells of a nature that has a moment to spare for the relaxation of a good story, or the appreciation of a ludicrous incident, you'd never set him down for an inventor. You'd never liken him in your mind to one who has been an ingenious producer of ideas that have given the world something new and practical. He has the appearance of a business man—and, strange as it may seem to be applied to an inventor, he is business man enough to convert his creative mind into substantial pecuniary profit, and enough of it to become one of Baltimore's well-to-do citizens (to put it mildly and modestly).

There is nothing about Mr. William Painter which is eccentric. No, not even the commonly-supposed eccentricity of indigence, for who ever thinks of inventors—with but a very few exceptions—as ever accomplishing aught but opulence for backers and obscurity for their exhausted and unappreciated selves?

But Mr. Painter isn't this sort of an individual. He is a man of the world, a *bon homme*, a club man, posted in all the current literature of the times, a play-goer, an admirer of fine horses, fond of all the popular sports of the day; in fact, a man who has learned the difficult lesson of knowing how to live. A lifetime of arduous toil has not dulled his tastes; years of studious application have not made him pessimistic; a fair share of primary rebuttals and hardships has not made him cynical. He has made his genius his servant, and made it an obedient, good-natured one, too; and now in the very early sunset of life—for he is scarcely past sixty years of age—he is in the fullest enjoyment of all that life holds which can be commanded by abundant means and a refined love for temperate indulgences.

Whoever knows the Quaker character knows that its chief attribute is perseverance. With this it combines sterling good sense, which were it ever devoid of intelligence—which it is not—would amount to grim determination. But a Quaker's determination is never grim. It is patient and cheery, generous and fraternal. And that is the timber of William Painter's character.

It was on a farm on the outskirts of Baltimore that Mr. Painter's early days were passed. His father was an old-fashioned Quaker preacher, given to the "thees"

and "thous" of the "community." He was, in his way, not a little of a clever hand with inventiveness, but he confined his labors in this direction to such economy as his gifts might further in his avocation as a farmer. His son William assisted as much as a stripling of a lad could, forever pursued with the desire to "make something." But he was devoid of tools. At last one day the opportunity which will surely come arrived. The asparagus bed was going to seed. His father remarked:

"My son, if thee and thy sister will thresh that asparagus and get the seeds all ready to sell, I'll give thee what it amounts to."

The result of this speculative industry was upwards of a dollar; and young Painter came into Baltimore and proceeded to the hardware store of James Foy, on South Calvert street, where he invested his earnings in a lot of little tools of a carpentering nature.

The irrepressible impulse to "make something" was the boy's thought by day and dream by night, and he set about a multitude of trivial helps to the economy of the homestead. Then his parents removed to another farm in Harford county, some four miles this side of Bel Air, and here he became the constructor of various milling appliances of marked ingeniousness and merit.

But, you know, every boy has to have his fate day. William Painter's came, and it led him to Wilmington, Delaware, into the patent leather factory of Pyle, Wilson & Pyle, two members of the firm being uncles of his. For five years the lad devoted himself to mastering the manufacture of patent leather, the while inventing a machine for softening leather. It was a most valuable and ingenious affair, so much so that it caught the fancy of a practical foreman in the shop, who proceeded to absorb it as his own, and from it he derived a goodly remuneration, which his fickle memory led him to forget to share with the young apprentice, either in reputation or emoluments.

Very early in his life, and long before his inventive turn had shaped itself into an ambition to acquire any form of material gain, young Painter had the sagacity, which rarely accompanies the creative gift, to studiously consider the vital necessity that calls inventive faculties into utility. Of course, it is admitted that all invention must have practicality underlying it. But there is practical practicality, and there is theoretical practicality. This may be somewhat abstruse, but if dwelt upon a little it will be seen that there is a wide difference between inventing things that have simply the visionary element of a possible utility and inventing those things which the human race must have in order to derive all the benefits and advancements which are within grasp.

And if you will pause right here you will find the keynote to William Painter's success—of the same type and order as the genius of Edison and Tesla, of Fulton and Morse. It is briefly this: Something which everybody needs, better and more cheaply provided than ever before. This view of his inborn gifts young Painter fully comprehended long before he wasted any time chasing fantasies. Therein he took a firm grip on Fortune; and, as his fertile mind dreamed constructively, his natural business qualifications led him to expend no time whatever upon anything which did not come under the head of indispensable human necessities. More than this. When he once began devising something he never let up. It was his business tact that gave him his rich trait. All his study, practice, patience and toiling were investments made by his brain, the interest upon which he was willing to wait for, so long as waiting meant improvement, perfection, removal of all defects, and the consummation of whatever he had set out to produce.

Now, all this may read ethical, but it's not. True, there are very few inventors, dead or living, who have been gifted in all these directions as much as Mr. Painter.

But when his leather-softening machine was literally filched from him, he didn't become discouraged; he simply profited by that experience. Nobody should ever get the best of him again by putting clothes on the children of his brain and endowing them with his or her name.

As he advanced in his teens he wasn't idle. Model after model was made of the operations of his mechanical mind, until he thought out the blacking-box, which he manufactured most successfully during the war, when tin was exceedingly high. Many previous inventions had been made by him, and each and every one had yielded satisfactory revenue purely upon the basis that they supplied a want felt in some direction. He made a good living, earned a good deal of money, became to a degree famous as an inventor; in fact, became known as "Practical Painter," because he never dabbled in anything that didn't embody some valuable help in human endeavor.

Then Mr. Painter, in 1865, became greatly in demand as an expert and adviser relative to undeveloped inventions and models. Qualified by long experience with his own ideas, never to desert anything once undertaken, he was called upon by inventors and manufacturers all over the United States to supply what many a half-hearted genius lacked, namely, the stability to carry out an idea to fruitful perfection. And there are hundreds of invaluable machines in use today which owe their utility wholly to Mr. Painter's perseverance, for he undertook to develop the crude idea of some spasmodic inventor, and brought out the one essential point which its inventor lacked—that is, the faculty of making the contrivance of some usefulness.

A complete list of Mr. Painter's own inventions numbers about one hundred patents, while, were he credited with all the mechanical devices that he has brought to practical utility, that list would be very much increased.

During all this while Mr. Painter was not a recluse. He had married, established his home, participated in everything which becomes good citizenship, earned the respect of his fellow-men, won their admiration for his brilliant mind, reared a family, and with far more than ordinary rapidity risen in the world.

While Mr. Painter does not disclaim that he has been a burner of the midnight oil in the prosecution of his inventions, he has never repressed the good fellowship of his nature, never isolated himself from society, never become a crank. Fame and the emoluments of reward have not turned his head. Many successes never dampened his ardor to continue benefiting mankind.

It was not until he was about fifty years of age that Mr. Painter invented the bottle stopper, which is the master stroke of his eventful and successful life. While he is to this day devoted to his laboratory, and passes hours there studying out other new devices, his single-use bottle stoppers are enough in themselves to place his name among the benefactors of mankind, for the simple reason that they operate beneficially upon the hygienic and economic condition of the human race; and whoever helps mankind to be more healthful cannot possibly be of greater value to his age.

Here, above all his other inventions, has Mr. Painter brought into play the triumphant quality of his practical mind, here has he placed the fickle Goddess of Fortune under obligations to him, here has he taken rank with the biggest successes of all inventive masters; for he devised that which is in universal use, he simplified its utility, made it indispensable to the health of communities, and brought down the cost of its manufacture to an incredible minimum.

William Painter today, in the comforts of his city home, or amidst the pleasures of his country seat, still in the vigor of a manhood unimpaired even by the assiduous application given to intricate problems of science, enjoys only what rightfully belongs to a successful thinker and a practical inventor. Success is to him only the

mathematical solution of the problem which possessed him when he was "making things" on his father's farm. Even then he didn't chase visionary ideas. And when he fixed upon a rational idea he pursued it to completion. In a word, Mr. Painter never began any invention that he didn't finish, never devised anything that wasn't of practical use, and never created any appliance but has been of benefit to his race and has reflected pecuniary advantages to himself.

Now, that is success. And as one reads this account, if there is an ingenious son within calling, or a daughter devoted to pallet or chisel, music or needlework, this is the time to ask them to listen to the story of a man who began life by losing no time, wasting no energies, fooling away no opportunities, giving up nothing once begun, leaving nothing until it was absolutely perfected. Such are the lessons which are handed down in preserved biographies; but here is the case of a man who is daily visible on our streets, who is active in affairs, who moves in society, who is one of us. Point the boy and girl to his traits of perseverance, read them the story of his life, let them understand that it isn't necessary to die to have one's own monument, but that it can be built by one's self.

From the last of Mr. Painter's inventions he has earned what may be termed a royal bounty. Enough honors and gains are his to satisfy most any man's ambition. And in these directions Mr. Painter is not unsatisfied. But the industrious nature is there still; the deft fingers are restless; the irrepressible energy is ever alert, and the skilled eye is ever concentrated on something new, whereby to promote the wonders of science. Here is another lesson for the young; another example for those who say: "If I could be sure of so much a year I'd never strike another blow of work as long as I live." Success never numbs the energies of great men; never satisfies the industry of great natures. At this very moment projects of vast magnitude occupy the analytical brain of Mr. Painter, and in due time they will be developed into such shape that there'll be no doubt about them, no failure, no uncertainty. But he'll keep them in his brain until they are in such shape that he can fix their market value to a cent. Then they'll be launched, and not till then.

He who has the faculty of making a pleasure of study and toil, who isn't soured by it, who doesn't heed rebuffs, who is never discouraged, who keeps on with the same elastic step and steady eye, age doesn't overtake that man; and it hasn't overtaken Mr. Painter. He is a veritable boy in many respects, takes the keenest interest in everything that kindles the world at large, enjoys the good things of life, esteems its relaxations, and thus seasons his daily engrossments, and so perfumed his laboratory with Cheeriness and Good Nature that he and Patience are chums who never have a quarrel, while Prosperity is always asking to join the merry group which makes Labor ashamed that it can never bring shadows to the brow.

MR. SAMUEL G. B. COOK.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY JANVIER.)

MR. COOK INTRODUCED THE CROWN CORK SYSTEM IN GREAT BRITAIN AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

(SEE THE CROWN CORK COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.)

THE CROWN CORK COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

Mr. William Painter invented three very important bottle-stoppers, the first of which was the "Triumph." This consisted of a rubber stopper with a protected facing, and a wire device for operating it. This stopper was controlled by the Triumph Bottle Stopper Company, which was organized in 1885 by Mr. Samuel G. B. Cook, and met with considerable success. Soon after its introduction Mr. Painter invented and patented the "Bottle Seal," the first single-use stopper which was ever offered to the bottling trade, other than corks.

As the Bottle Seal could be sold at twenty-five cents per gross, as against $3.50 per gross for the Triumph stopper, it was decided to abandon the Triumph stopper, and those interested in that Company and others who became stockholders under the agreement with Mr. Cook, organized The Bottle Seal Company, which acquired all the rights to that stopper in the United States and Canada, in September, 1885.

The Bottle Seal met with the ready approval of the bottling trade in the United States, and developed into a large and profitable business, which paid satisfactory dividends to its shareholders.

Mr. William Painter and Mr. Lewis R. Keizer, in 1889, owned the exclusive rights to the Bottle Seal in all foreign countries, under which they made a contract with Mr. Samuel G. B. Cook for the sale to him of those rights, and under this contract Mr. Cook went to London in September, 1889, and shortly afterwards organized and formed The Bottle Seal Company, Limited, of England, which acquired the exclusive rights to the Bottle Seal in all countries other than the United States and Canada.

Mr. Cook was managing director of this Company, and at once established a factory at Hamburg, Germany, where the Seal and machinery for its application were manufactured, and from that point the products were supplied to England, France and other countries.

Mr. Cook also organized the following companies to acquire the rights and manufacture and sell Painter's patented Bottle Seals: The German Bottle Seal Company, Limited, formed in 1891 to control the German patents and the General Bottle Seal Company, Limited to acquire the rights for all other European combines.

On February 2nd, 1892, Mr. Painter patented the Crown Cork, and Mr. Samuel G. B. Cook, under his agreement with The Bottle Seal Company and Mr. Painter, organized The Crown Cork and Seal Company, which acquired all rights to the manufacture of both stoppers, and this Company was organized under the laws of the State of Maryland, on April 1st, 1893.

The business of this Company has steadily increased until it has reached enormous proportions, owing to the superior engineering talent and inventive genius of Mr. Painter, who thoroughly protected by patents the inventions covering the Crown Cork and the machines for applying same.

Under Mr. Painter's assignment to The Crown Cork and Seal Company, it acquired only the rights in the United States and Canada.

In 1894, under the contract with Mr. Painter for the sole right to introduce the Crown Cork system in all countries other than the United States and Canada, Mr. Cook organized The Crown Cork Syndicate, Limited, to acquire those rights. Afterwards he interested a large number of prominent bottlers to use the Crown Cork system of stoppering bottles, among which were the Apollinaris Company and other large bottlers of natural waters and beer in Germany; also prominent bottlers of aërated waters in England, such as W. A. Ross & Sons, William Corry & Company, Cantrall, Cochran & Company, Limited, Schweppe & Company, Limited, and many

others. He organized, in May, 1897, The Crown Cork Company, Limited, to acquire the exclusive rights of the Syndicate.

This Company, of which Mr. Cook was the managing director, established its first factory in Hamburg, Germany, and later another factory in London, a third in Paris, and later one in Yokohama, Japan, and another in Rio Janeiro, Brazil. All of the above factories were managed and conducted by the head office of the Company in London, England, where it also has extensive factories.

The London Company and its various factories introduced to large bottlers the Crown Cork system in over thirty different countries, and wherever used the Crown Cork has proved to be the most acceptable and satisfactory system of stoppering bottles containing beer, natural and aerated waters and other beverages that has ever been in use.

The difficulty of introducing a new system in any business, and particularly one so radically new as the stoppering of bottles, and especially against the extensive and formidable opposition of two extensively used systems of patent stoppers, and also the conservative views in England and other countries favoring the ordinary cork system for stoppering, rendered the work far more onerous than would have been occasioned in introducing a system in this country.

Mr. Cook remained as managing director and chairman of the Company until about 1908, when he returned to Baltimore, where he has since resided.

In the introduction of the Crown Cork system in Europe it was necessary for Mr. Cook to make about sixty voyages across the Atlantic Ocean.

In about 1908 The Crown Cork and Seal Company of Baltimore acquired an interest as stockholders in The Crown Cork Company, Limited, of London, since which time the Baltimore Company has been managing the foreign business.

At the time of the formation of The Crown Cork Company, Limited, by Mr. Cook, in London, in 1894, his friend, Colonel Herbert H. Roberts, who was a director and chairman of The Crown Cork Syndicate, Limited, composed the following verses for Mr. Painter and Mr. Cook as an appreciation of the Crown Cork system and those operating it:

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1894.

The spent year will soon pass to its grave,
  And with it its pleasures and woes;
May it never rise up t' accuse us,
  Evoked from its death-like repose.

May it peacefully glide to its rest,
  To swell the long roll of the past:
And may every succeeding New Year
  Find us more prepared for our last.

May it hold many blessings in store
  For one who deserves them so much,
And may health to enjoy them be yours,
  And all turn to gold that you touch.

Let us hope in the year Ninety-five
  Ev'ry country, city and town,
Will abolish both wire and cork,
  And use the American "Crown."

MRS. RICHARDS C. MEEKER, (HELEN CHURCHMAN PAINTER),
AND HER SON WILLIAM PAINTER MEEKER.
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFRIS, MAY, 1914)

A BALTIMORE ENTERPRISE.

Great Development of the Business of Manufacturing Seals and Stoppers for Bottles.

(From the Baltimore Sun, December 21, 1898.)

The large new buildings being erected by the Crown Cork and Seal Company on Guilford avenue, Girard avenue and Latrobe street are rapidly nearing completion, and when put into service, in connection with the present factory on Guilford avenue, will comprise one of the largest manufacturing plants in the South and by far the largest plant for the manufacture of patent bottle-stoppers in the world.

These new buildings, made necessary by the rapidly growing business of the company, were begun last April, and will cost not less than $75,000. The principal one, 90 by 80 feet, is six stories high. Adjoining it, fronting on Guilford avenue, is a building 100 by 45 feet, two stories in height, and in the rear of this a power-house 80 by 35 feet and one story high. The structures are of sand brick, with brownstone trimmings, and will be in use by January 1. When these have been completed work will begin on a fourth building, which will resemble the present corner structure.

The company is at present housed in a building facing 110 feet on Guilford avenue, with a depth of 90 feet, which was built last year. This and the two large buildings in the rear connected with it were occupied in September, 1897, and have already proven too small.

The necessity for such an exceptionally rapid development of plant illustrates the rapid growth of a business which is reaching out into all parts of the world and yet has made so little noise about itself that very many Baltimoreans are unacquainted with its history. The hundreds of thousands of dollars expended here in buildings and machinery, as well as in the employment of workmen, is the result of the popularity attained by two apparently simple little devices invented by Mr. William Painter, secretary and general manager of the company. Many persons have noticed the little metal caps now so often seen crowning bottles of effervescent drinks and the round, flat rubber stopper with a wire loop in it, found sealing other bottles, without knowing that they are manufactured in Baltimore; that a fortune has been expended in perfecting them, and that another fortune has been reaped from their sale by the enterprising owners. Yet all the immense buildings spoken of are necessary for their productioon and the manufacture of various bottling and other machinery to which they naturally gave rise.

Mr. Painter, who combines the rare talent of business ability with the genius of the inventor, patented his first successful system of bottling in September, 1885. This was the use of the rubber seal. A company was formed for the manufacture of the seal under the name of the Bottle Seal Company, and began business in a modest way on North Holliday street. Later the growth of the business demanded larger quarters, which were found in a small factory adjoining the Brush Electric Light Company's plant, on East Monument street. In two years it was necessary to enlarge this place. In the meantime the crown cork, adapted for single use, like

the seal, had been patented by Mr. Painter. The Bottle Seal Company also acquired the right to this patent, which was dated February 2, 1892, and a stock company was incorporated April 1, 1892, under the name of the Crown Cork and Seal Company. Business continued to expand until the handsome large building on Guilford avenue, which has been the company's home since September 1, 1897, was erected.

The crown cork is composed of a metal cap, having a corrugated flange, in which is a disc of cork with specially prepared paper for holding it to the metal and to prevent the contents of the bottle from coming in contact with the metal. This cork is put on and locked on the bottle by an ingenious machine devised by Mr. Painter. There are seven kinds of crown and seal machines for filling and stoppering bottles, all of them marvels of perfection in mechanism. The largest is an automatic crown power machine, which has a capacity of placing crown corks on 100 bottles a minute, and is known as the most rapid and perfect machine in the history of bottling. These machines are all made at the company's works, where over 200 persons are employed in various avocations. Special tools for securing uniform formation of bottle heads are used by over 100 large glass factories in the United States.

The use of the crown system has grown rapidly abroad, and the Crown Cork Company, Limited, of London, which has purchased all the foreign patents, has extended its business to all parts of Europe, to South Africa, South America, Asia and Australia. Neither this nor the Baltimore company attempts to bottle goods; they simply supply the bottling machinery and the crowns and seals.

Mr. William Painter, from whose brain was evolved the complicated machinery for the business, comes on both sides of old Pennsylvania Friends stock, although he was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, in 1838. His early life was spent in the country, where he developed that patience and persistence of purpose that brought later success. In 1882 he began to devote his attention to the line of work which has had such flattering results. He is a prolific inventor and is already the holder of nearly 100 United States and many foreign patents. Just now he is engaged upon an interesting line of work in the way of experiments with granulated cork, held together by gluten of wheat. He has secured a compound that can be produced at trifling cost and is expected to prove valuable for many of the uses to which rubber, cork and leather are frequently put.

Two of the most enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Painter's plans are Joseph Friedenwald, president of the company, and Harvey Coale, assistant secretary. Mr. Friedenwald's business ability and sagacity has been an important factor in bringing about success. Mr. Coale, who was born in 1858, is a representative of the enterprising type of Baltimoreans and has been assistant secretary and a director in the company since it was incorporated.

The business is pre-eminently a home enterprise, and its capital stock, $1,000,000, is owned almost entirely in Baltimore. The directors are Joseph Friedenwald, Alexander H. Schultz, William Painter, Harvey Coale, Charles H. Koppelman, John Black and Jordan Stabler. The officers are: Joseph Friedenwald, president; A. H. Schultz, vice-president; William Painter, secretary and general manager; Harvey Coale, assistant secretary; Charles H. Koppelman, treasurer; John Black, assistant treasurer. T. R. Alexander is assistant manager and E. E. Teale, superintendent of the works. John T. Hawkins, mechanical engineer, assists Mr. Painter in his experimental work.

A REMARKABLE PATENT SUCCESS—THE STORY OF A CORKING INVENTION.

By Joseph J. O'Brien, Editor of Invention.

(October, 1913.)

"The sum of human happiness is made up of little things affecting the life of individuals."—Senator Robert S. Taylor.

Few inventions have been so completely successful as the metallic bottle closure invented by William Painter, of Baltimore, Md.

Previous to the time of Painter's invasion of the bottle closure field it was the custom to seal the necks of bottles by means of corks and other plugs inserted in the bore of the bottle neck, by lever-closed sealing devices, and a limited use was found for cup-shaped caps which were fitted on the bottle neck.

Beverages, and especially those charged with carbonic acid gas, or made from malt, were bottled and the bottles sealed with the lever-closed plug. With the spread of knowledge concerning sanitation and the wonderful increase in the trade of bottled goods, a demand developed for a bottle closure which would not cause an accumulation of dirt around the bottle mouth, and which would not interfere with the cleansing of the bottle after being used, nor with its recharging.

The bottle closures which had been in use were all open to various objections. The wire-holding parts or the wire levers would be injured or would rust at the mouth of the bottle, and dirt would accumulate under the parts. Moreover, the sealing was not always perfect, a result which was in part due to the lack of uniformity in the construction or the smoothness of the mouth of the bottle.

William Painter had observed these facts; he had closely studied every phase of the bottle-closing problem, specializing with bottles for merchandising beers, malted goods, soda waters and like preparations. After considerable experimenting he realized that a new plan of closing must be adopted to satisfy the demands of the trade and the wants of the public.

So he set to work to devise a new bottle closure. He observed that the bottle closure needed must be of simple construction; it must positively seal the mouth of the bottle neck, without injury to the glass, and in such manner that the bottle mouth could be easily opened to discharge the contents thereof. The closure must be simple and be adapted for rapid machine manipulation and be as inexpensive as possible.

It seems that the very simplicity demanded of the new bottle closure was not defined by the inventors who had invented bottle stoppers or closures before Painter. Practically all of these devices were built on the very old principle of inserting something in the bottle neck. Painter departed from this principle and placed a sealing disk on the mouth of the bottle neck, and while the disk was held closely against the bottle neck he crimped a metal holding cap around the walls of the bottle neck so as to hold the sealing disk compressed.

The first bottle-closing devices produced comprised a metal cap with two holes and a cork sealing disk considerably thicker than the ones now commonly employed.

After considerable experimenting Painter discovered that the metal cap could be made simpler by omitting the holes and the disk could be thinned, lowering the cost of the closure and improving its sealing action or efficiency. In the first invented devices the holes provided a small bar of metal by which the cap could be removed with the point of a hand tool placed under the bar. This required the use of a cork disk thick enough to prevent leakage through the holes in the metal cap.

Intent on the desire to still simplify the bottle closure, Painter discovered that the cap could be easily removed from the bottle neck by forcing an opener tool against the crimped flange of the metal cap, and that the holes in the top portion of the cap were unnecessary. He continued his experiments, and found that a very thin cork disk could be used in place of the thick cork disk used in the first productions. He found that by dishing the cork disk, or forming it concavo-convexo, he could shrink the disk, so that the usual cork flaws would be closed, and a perfect seal formed with a wafer-thick disk, which was held in its compressed condition against the mouth of the bottle neck by means of a metal cap which had an imperforate central portion and its flange crimped on a shoulder formed on the bottle neck.

In November, 1889, William Painter filed his first application in the Patent Office, and shortly afterwards filed additional applications covering the improvements. On February 2, 1892, a patent was issued to him, with four claims, which covers the construction of the metallic bottle seal now in universal use, and which is known the world over as the Crown Cork. This name is descriptive and fitting. The metal cap crowns the bottle neck to hold the sealing disk compressed against the bottle mouth; its crimped flange presents an appearance resembling that of a crown; and the invention crowned one of the most troublesome inventive problems with a success which is simply dazzling.

In time The Crown Cork and Seal Company of Baltimore, Md., was formed, and this company undertook to introduce the Painter bottle closure to the trade generally. The success of the new invention was simply wonderful. The trade was fascinated with the invention, the public received it with approval. It not only satisfied the wants of the bottling trade, but actually stimulated the growth of this trade. The invention was adopted by every class of bottlers; the Crown Cork was seen in every part of the country.

The company grew wealthy, and its success tempted rivals to invade the field it had developed. It developed new machines for handling the Crown upon the most economical basis. It met the infringements which it had to deal with and maintained the pioneer character of the invention. The trade in the Crown Cork was expanded until it ran into the millions, and the controllers of The Crown Cork and Seal Company reaped a large harvest.

The success which crowned the invention of Painter was won by consistent business effort, and it required, first, a real trade demand; second, a simple and cheap invention to supply that demand; third, adequate patent protection to legally define the ownership of the invention; fourth, a determined, energetic and well-organized promotion of the invention; fifth, ever-watchful and continued inventive work to supply the demands of the trade developed from the invention, calling for efficient machines for cheaply making the cork disks and metal caps and for safely and efficiently applying the disks and caps to bottles charged with liquids under pressure.

With the success of the simpler form of the invention the earlier forms were not exploited, though the demands of the trade were met with an improved article. If the proposed compulsory license law was in force it would have been possible to compel a license to manufacture the first devices, or to compel, under threat of such license, the manufacture of the inferior article, to the consequent annoyance of the trade.

THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL COMPANY.

By John Mifflin Hood, Jr.,

President of The Crown Cork and Seal Co.

(April 27, 1914.)

An account of the life of William Painter without some description of the wonderful growth of The Crown Cork and Seal Company would be incomplete.

The Crown Cork and Seal Company was founded in 1892 by Mr. Painter, and has, through the patented "Crown Cork," revolutionized the bottle-stoppering business of the world and has caused a radical readjustment of the cork-wood market of the Mediterranean countries by its economical consumption of cork.

The bottler has been enabled to cut his stoppering expenses in half, and has further been supplied with novel and automatic machines for filling and crowning his beverages. These machines were either invented by Mr. Painter or founded upon principles established by him.

In order to supply the world-wide commodity of Crown Corks, two immense manufacturing plants have been erected in Baltimore and are being continually expanded, the Company just having announced the fact that, owing to constantly increasing business, it has outgrown its present machine shop and will erect a quarter-of-a-million-dollar new building along the most modern accepted lines of factory-building construction.

In order to facilitate prompt distribution of its goods throughout this country, branch stores or depots have been established in all of the prominent cities, there being now no less than seventeen such depots.

In order to conduct its business in the Dominion of Canada, the Company has an up-to-date manufacturing plant in Toronto, with distributing depots at Montreal and Winnipeg. Similarly, a manufacturing plant has been erected in Mexico City to supply that Republic.

The foreign business is handled directly through The Crown Cork Company, Limited, of London, controlled by The Crown Cork and Seal Company by its corporate stockholdings, together with those of the Painter family. The Crown Cork Company, Limited, of London, supplies the rest of the world through its London, Paris, Hamburg, Yokohama and Rio Janeiro factories. This concern also is constantly increasing its business, and is establishing new factories and depots in foreign countries to more advantageously meet the general demand for this system of stoppering.

The furnishing of all these factories with cork disks is, indeed, a work which exacts the best business ability of the management of the Corchera International, of Palamós, Spain, which is also controlled by The Crown Cork and Seal Company.

The Corchera International, in order to supply these requirements for cork disks, employs at times no less than four thousand, five hundred hands, which is virtually the entire working population of the little Spanish town above mentioned.

Palamós is situated in Northern Spain, at the foot-hills of the Pyrenees Mountains, and directly on the Mediterranean Sea, with splendid shipping facilities to all points on the Mediterranean, and, as is well known, it is only in the countries adjacent to the Mediterranean Sea that cork-wood is successfully grown in commercial quantities.

The Corchera International has branches at Seville and Lisbon, besides other important collecting depots in Spain, Portugal and Algeria, for the receipt of cork-wood from the various forests for reassorting, in order to ship only suitable wood for disk manufacture to Palamós.

From the foregoing brief recital one may gain an idea of the magnitude of the business established by Mr. Painter, and of its equally remarkable growth under his supervision, and also of the manner in which he has completely changed for the better the bottling industry throughout the world.

UNITED STATES TROOPS FIRING FROM BEHIND THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL COMPANY'S BALES OF CORK-WOOD AT THE VERA CRUZ CUSTOM HOUSE, MEXICO, MAY, 1914.

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THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO. BUILDINGS ON GUILFORD AVENUE, BALTIMORE.

A NEARER VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO.
ON GUILFORD AVENUE, BALTIMORE.

ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF FACTORY ABOUT TO BE ERECTED NEXT TO THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO., BALTIMORE.

(MAY, 1914.)

View at entrance of The Crown Cork and Seal Company's factories at Highlandtown, Baltimore.

FACTORIES OF THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO., AT HIGHLANDTOWN, BALTIMORE.

NEARER VIEW OF ONE OF THE FACTORIES OF THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO. AT HIGHLANDTOWN, BALTIMORE.

Distant view of factories of The Crown Cork and Seal Co.
at Highlandtown, Baltimore.

Distant view of factories of The Crown Cork and Seal Co.,
Highlandtown, Baltimore.

CORK-WOOD YARD, CORCHERA INTERNATIONAL, PALAMÓS, SPAIN.

THE CORK-WOOD IN THIS YARD HAS A VALUATION OF ONE AND HALF MILLION DOLLARS.

(NOTE CORCHERA INTERNATIONAL FACTORY AND TOWN OF PALAMÓS TO THE WEST.)

CORK-WOOD STORED IN "PATIO" OF CORCHERA INTERNATIONAL, PALAMÓS, SPAIN.

THIS CORK-WOOD IS TREATED AND THEN CUT INTO DISKS FOR CROWN CORKS.

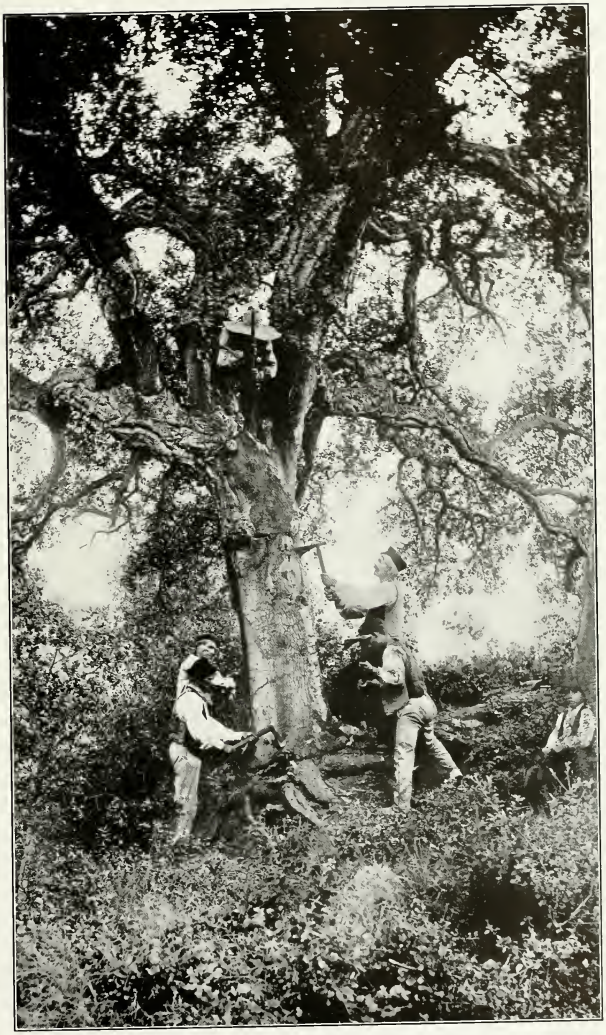
(NOTE PYRENEES MOUNTAINS IN REAR OF "PATIO.")

East View of Cork-wood piles, Corchera International, Palamós, Spain.
(Note Mediterranean Sea to the left and Pyrenees Mountains in the rear.)

SOUTH VIEW OF CORK-WOOD PILES, CORCHERA INTERNATIONAL, PALAMOS, SPAIN.

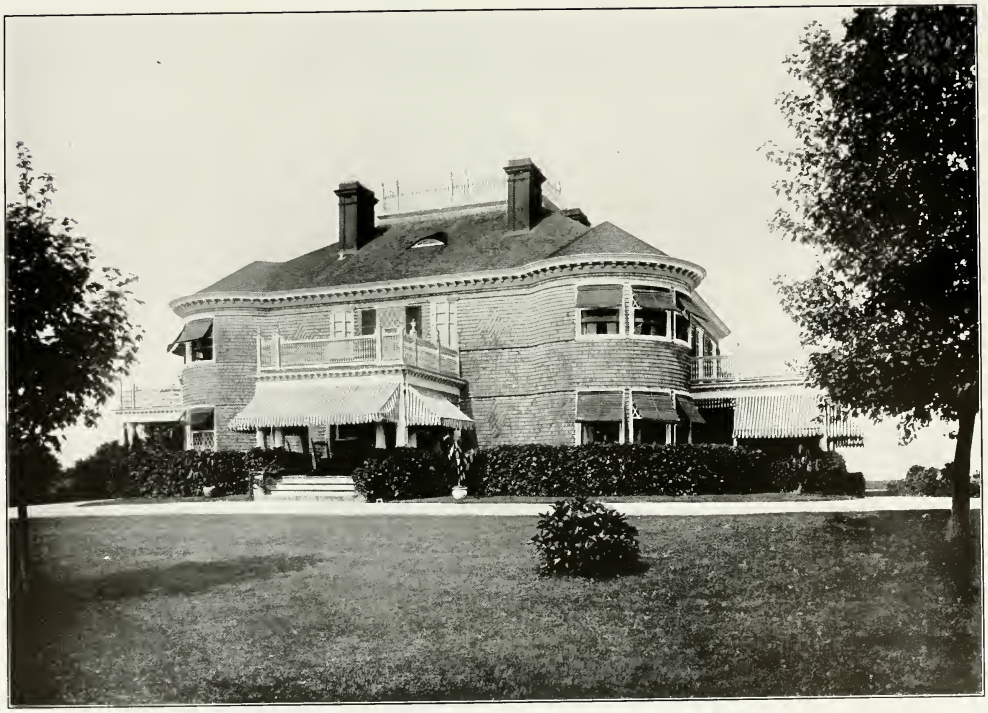
STRIPPING CORK TREES.

CORK TREES HAVE TWO BARKS, THE OUTER BARK, KNOWN AS COMMERCIAL CORK-WOOD, AND THE INNER BARK IS THE LIFE-SUSTAINING BARK. THE OUTER BARK BECOMES LOOSENED BY NATURE IN THE SUMMER FROM THE LIFE-SUSTAINING BARK AND CAN THUS BE CUT OFF OF TREE WITHOUT INJURY TO THE TREE. CORK TREES ARE CUT EVERY TEN YEARS. THE BEST QUALITY OF CORK-WOOD IS GROWN ON MOUNTAIN-SIDES.



ANOTHER VIEW OF CORK-WOOD STRIPPING.

"The Colonies," near Pikesville, formerly the residence of William Painter, as viewed from the Reisterstown road.



"THE COLONIES," FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM PAINTER.
(THE FRONT VIEW, WHICH FACES SOUTH-WEST.)

"The Colonies," near Pikesville, Baltimore Co., Md.
(Side view, facing south-east.)

"THE COLONIES," FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM PAINTER.
(SIDE VIEW, FACING NORTH-WEST.)

HALL OF "THE COLONIES."

SITTING-ROOM OF "THE COLONIES."

FAMILY GROUP AT "THE COLONIES," SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

FAMILY GROUP AT "THE COLONIES," SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

FAMILY GROUP AT "THE COLONIES," SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

WILLIAM PAINTER, ON THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD, IN HIS "MERCEDES" 45 H. P. AUTOMOBILE.
(PHOTOGRAPHED JUNE, 1905.)

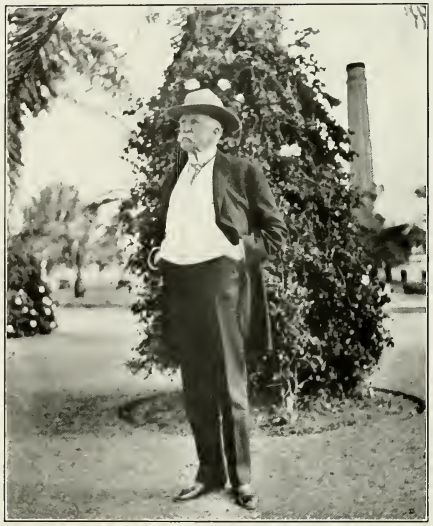
William Painter at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona, November, 1903.

William Painter at the foot of the Bright Angel Trail, Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona, November 27, 1903.

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(ON THE GOLF LINKS AT CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1904.)

WILLIAM PAINTER AND WILLIAM FERRIS, JR., ON THE GOLF LINKS AT CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1904.



WILLIAM PAINTER.

WILLIAM PAINTER.

(PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE GLEN SPRINGS HOTEL, WATKINS GLEN, N. Y., APRIL 25, 1905.)

WILLIAM PAINTER AT THE GLEN SPRINGS HOTEL,
WATKINS GLEN, N. Y., APRIL 25, 1905.

WILLIAM FERRIS, JR., LAWRENCE G. PAINTER, DR. WILLIAM BOOZE
AND WILLIAM PAINTER.

(MARCH, 1906.)

(THIS WAS THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH EVER MADE OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)

THE ROLAND PARK RESIDENCE, 204 RIDGEWOOD ROAD.

REAR VIEW OF THE ROLAND PARK RESIDENCE, FACING SOUTH-WEST.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO. CONCERNING THE PAINTING OF THE PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PAINTER BY THOMAS C. CORNER, AND ITS PRESENTATION TO MRS. PAINTER.

Office of
THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO.,
Baltimore, U. S. A.

The following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Crown Cork and Seal Company held on the 7th day of September, 1897:

"PREAMBLE: It is the sense of this Board of Directors that this the occasion of its first meeting in the new home of The Crown Cork and Seal Co., should not be permitted to pass without recording its appreciation of the most potent factor of all the causes that have united to bring about the gratifying results achieved by this Company. We have in the Directory of The Crown Cork and Seal Co. a member who, by his phenomenal resources, tenacity of purpose, boundless zeal and untiring energy, has guarded the interests of this Company and contributed to its success, so that today standing pre-eminently the pivotal figure of its progressive career, and whose name is WILLIAM PAINTER.

"What could be a more fitting evidence of our appreciation, what more pleasing testimonial of all we admire in William Painter, than to have his life-size portrait adorn the wall of this Directors' Room. With this object in view:

"RESOLVED: That a committee of three be appointed to confer with William Painter on this subject."

The President here appointed Jordan Stabler, Charles H. Koppelman and Harvey Coale a committee of three to confer with William Painter regarding having his life-size portrait painted.

(Signed) HARVEY COALE,
Ass't Sec'y.

Office of
THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO.,
Baltimore, U. S. A.,
July 11th, 1899.

Mrs. Wm. Painter,
Pikesville, Md.—

My dear Mrs. Painter:

I have the pleasure and honor of communicating to you a resolution that was presented and unanimously carried at the meeting of our Board of Directors held this day, at which meeting the entire Board was present:

"Resolved: That the Board of Directors of The Crown Cork and Seal Co. of Baltimore City takes great pleasure in presenting, with its compliments, to Mrs. Wm. Painter the Oil Portrait of Mr. Wm. Painter which was painted by Mr. Corner by the directions of this Board."

As the Board wishes to have a copy made of said Portrait before the same is delivered to you, it will necessarily be some little while before the absolute delivery will be made, but the object of this letter is to inform you of the kindly feeling it has for both Mr. Wm. Painter and yourself, and so notifies you in advance of turning the Portrait over to you.

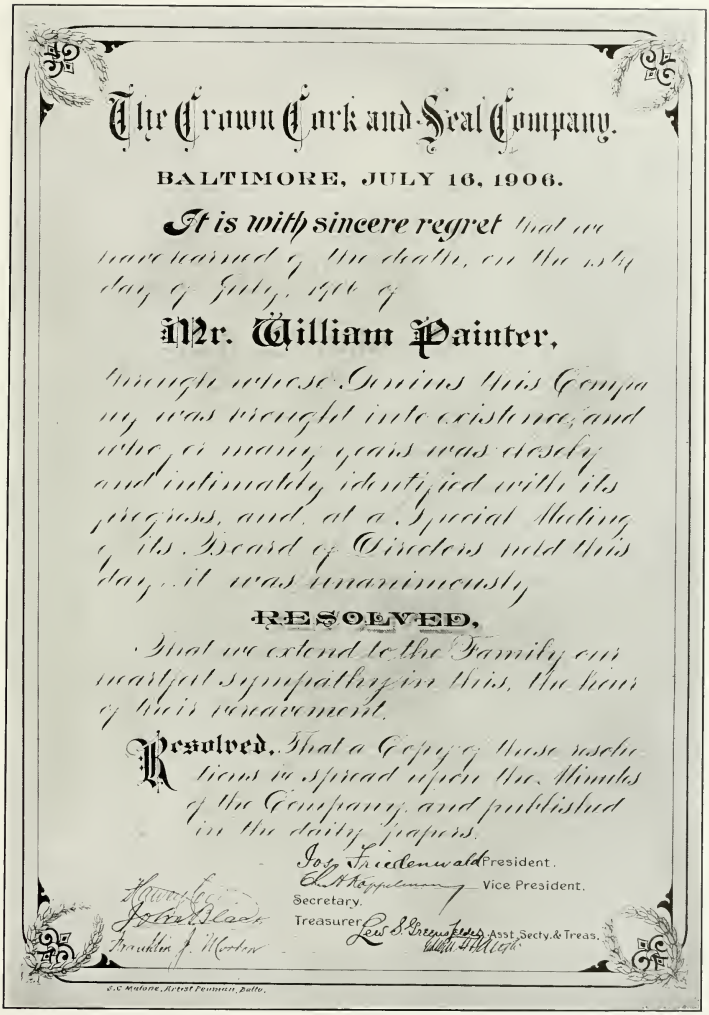
I have the honor to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) HARVEY COALE,
Ass't Sec'y.

To Mrs. Wm. Painter,
Pikesville, Md.

THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM PAINTER AT 1129 NORTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE.

Grave of William Painter in Druid Ridge Cemetery, July 18, 1906.



The Crown Cork and Seal Company.

BALTIMORE, JULY 16, 1906.

It is with sincere regret that we have learned of the death, on the 15th day of July, 1906 of

Mr. William Painter,

through whose Genius this Company was brought into existence, and who for many years was closely and intimately identified with its progress, and, at a Special Meeting of its Board of Directors held this day, it was unanimously

RESOLVED,

That we extend to the Family our heartfelt sympathy in this, the hour of their bereavement.

Resolved, *That a Copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of the Company, and published in the daily papers.*

Jos. Friedenwald President.
Chas. H. Kappelmann Vice President.
Secretary.
Treasurer. Lew S. Greenfield Asst. Secty. & Treas.
Chas. H. Hatch

Harry Lee
John Blade
Franklin J. Morton

S. C. Malone, Artist Penman, Balto.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE CROWN CORK AND SEAL CO. UPON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM PAINTER.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PAINTER IN DRUID RIDGE CEMETERY, NEAR PIKESVILLE.

UPON THE MONUMENT IS INSCRIBED:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

WILLIAM PAINTER

SON OF

DR. EDWARD AND LOUISA G. PAINTER

BORN NOV. 20, 1838

DIED JULY 15, 1906

UPON THE PEDESTAL IS INSCRIBED:

"TO LIVE IN HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND,
IS NOT TO DIE."

(FROM "HALLOWED GROUND," BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

TO MY FATHER.

By Orrin Chalfant Painter.

The lonesome latter days are here,
I walk 'mid fallen leaves;
They drift around me far and near,
My heart in silence grieves.

I felt the coming of these days
And knew thou couldst not stay;
I realized that from my gaze
Thy form must pass away.

In youth thy ever loving care
Protected me from harm;
At every time and everywhere
I felt thy guarding arm.

What a debt to thee I owe,
And one I cannot pay!
My gratitude I cannot show
By aught I do or say.

For thee life's joy was on the wane,
Its zenith had been passed,
And for thy labor came but pain
And clouds to overcast.

We bathed thy poor distracted brow
And watched thy fleeting breath;
Thy suffering would not allow
One comforter but Death.

We knew the time was drawing near
When thou shouldst put to sea,
And took thy hand ere thou didst hear
That one clear call for thee.

But though perception has been lost
By us who yet remain,
We know the bar is safely crossed
Beyond this sad domain.

The lonesome days have come at last,
The dreaded days are here,
But when the lonely days are past,
We'll meet thee, Father, dear.

Mr. John Mifflin Hood, Jr.
(President of The Crown Cork and Seal Company.)

MRS. JOHN MIFFLIN HOOD, JR., (ETHEL GILPIN PAINTER).

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. BENNETT.)

JOHN MIFFLIN HOOD, III.
(GRANDSON OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. BENNETT.)

ETHEL PAINTER HOOD.
(GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. BENNETT.)

MARY CAROLINE HOOD.
(GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. BENNETT.)

DEDICATION OF HOSPITAL SCHOOL. PAINTER MEMORIAL FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN OPENED. ADDRESS BY DR. O. EDWARD JANNEY.

He Represented Mrs. Wm. Painter, Who Erected The Building As A Memorial To Her Husband—Fine Tribute By Dr. Wm. H. Welch—Relatives And Physicians Who Were Present At The Ceremonies—Inspection Follows.

(*Baltimore American, May 12, 1912.*)

The William Painter Memorial Children's Hospital School was dedicated yesterday afternoon.

The ceremony was short, but impressive. Governor Goldsborough had promised to be present, but sent his regrets shortly before the ceremony. Robert E. Lee, Mayor Preston's secretary, represented the Mayor, who was also prevented at the last minute from being present. Arrangements had been made by which those attending the ceremony were met at the electric cars and conveyed to the hospital in busses. Following the ceremony the hospital was thrown open for inspection. There are now 25 crippled children in the hospital as patients. Dr. W. S. Thayer, of the Johns Hopkins University, presided and introduced the speakers.

Dr. O. Edward Janney represented Mrs. William Painter, who built the hospital as a memorial to her husband. Dr. Janney paid a tribute to the charity that Mrs. Painter had inaugurated. He said, in part:

"Whatever monument may be erected to the memory of a noble personality, surely none can be more appropriate or more worthy than a memorial which in some way confers a benefit upon humanity. Few conditions in life are so helpless and forlorn as that of a crippled child, who ordinarily can look forward to an existence full of mental and physical anguish, and made bitter by the necessity for dependence upon others. It was, therefore, natural for the donor of this building to decide upon this particular form of charity as an expression of her appreciation of the noble and admirable character of her husband."

Dr. William H. Welch, of the Johns Hopkins University, made a brief address, in which he illustrated the great good that would come from the Children's Hospital School, which, he said, combined not only the features of a hospital, but a mental training school as well. The keys of the new building were turned over to Dr. W. S. Baer, the surgeon in charge, by Arthur George Brown.

With Mrs. William Painter at the dedication of the hospital were the following members of her family: Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hood, Jr., and their two children; Orrin C. Painter, a son of Mrs. Painter; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Trump, of Wilmington, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Chalfant and Miss Chalfant, of New York, and Miss Louise Ryan, of Philadelphia. Among some of the prominent physicians present were Drs. Walter Platt, Thomas Shearer, Staige Davis, John Hemmeter, Sydney Cone, John Ruhrah, Rupert Norton, John McF. Bergland, Louis Hamburger, F. D. Sanger, J. A. Ames, John T. King and Henry F. Hurd.

John M. Hood, Jr., and Dr. W. S. Baer were in charge of the dedication ceremony.

The guests were received by Mrs. William Painter, Mrs. John M. Hood, Jr., Mrs. John Bergland, Mrs. Shirley Carter, Mrs. C. C. Buckman and Mrs. Thomas Harrison.

THE WILLIAM PAINTER MEMORIAL CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL.
(DEDICATED MAY 11, 1912, BY MRS. WILLIAM PAINTER.)

MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE WILLIAM PAINTER MEMORIAL CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL.

(PHOTOGRAPHED UPON THE DAY OF ITS DEDICATION, MAY 11, 1912.)

Mrs. Louisa Gilpin Painter.
(Mother of William Painter.)

DR. EDWARD PAINTER.
(FATHER OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)

DR. EDWARD PAINTER.

(From Descendants of Samuel Painter, 1699-1903, by Orrin Chalfant Painter.)

Dr. Edward Painter, the second son of William Painter and Phœbe Churchman Painter, was born at Concordville, Delaware county, Pa., November 29th, 1812.

He received his education at Westtown Boarding School, after completing which, he engaged in the manufacture of cotton at Glenby, on the banks of the Brandywine, in Delaware.

He married, September 1st, 1834, Louisa Gilpin, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Peirce Gilpin. She was born at Ridley Creek, Delaware, December 11th, 1814, and received her education in Wilmington, her parents in the meantime moving to Maryland. In 1829 she joined them there. She went by the stage and steamboat of that day, and one of her companions in this journey was Edward Painter, then a boy of sixteen, who at once formed a friendship for the modest, beautiful girl, which later on ripened into mutual love, resulting in their marriage, as stated. (See Louisa Gilpin Painter.) Their first home was at Glenby, whence they removed, in 1836, to Triadelphia, Montgomery County, Md., upon a farm of 400 acres, purchased by Dr. Painter's father and presented to him upon his reaching his majority, and here, with William Welsh, of Philadelphia, as a partner, he carried on the business of cotton spinning. He also kept a store and operated a blacksmith shop and a saw-mill, in addition to running the farm.

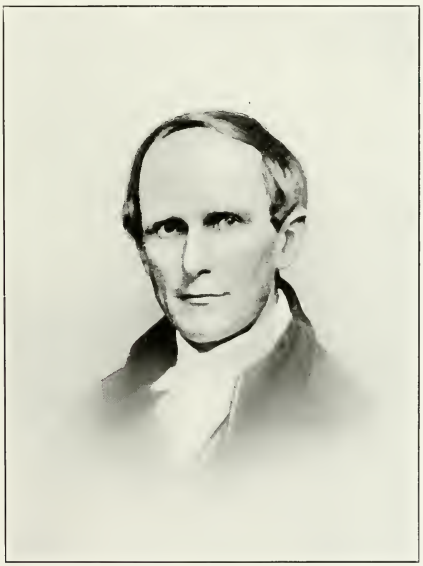
His next move was in 1840, to Herring Run, on the Philadelphia road, near Baltimore, where he bought a farm and engaged in dairy and truck farming. He remained there until 1849, when he bought a farm of one hundred and nine acres, near Fallston, Harford County, Md. This he sold, and bought, near the same place, in 1859, another farm of fifty acres, and a store, at Fallston, where he was postmaster.

From there he went to Baltimore, where he devoted much of his time to the welfare of the poor around him. Having good judgment in sickness, and with talents as a nurse, he was frequently to be found in the dwellings and cabins of the poor, aiding by his skill and ministering to their wants. He has been known to stay all night with a sick child, afraid to trust to the ignorance of the attendants in a place from which his fastidious taste would have revolted if it had not been overpowered by his benevolent feelings. Being so actively engaged in this kind of service, he felt the want of more medical knowledge, and, believing that his medical practice among the poor might be made more useful, he conceived it right, though late in life, to study medicine. Having graduated in his chosen profession, he was soon after called into an entirely different field of work. Without any thought of change, he was solicited, during the first administration of Grant, in 1869, to become Agent of the Omaha Indian Reservation, Nebraska, under the care of Friends. After due consideration, he accepted the offer, not without, as he afterwards said, some difficulty in under-

standing why, as he had felt it a duty to study medicine, he should also feel it right to accept the offer that took him away from his work. But it all became plain to him when among the Indians, for he found them suffering from disease in multiplied forms, a need of the knowledge of the laws of health causing consumption largely to prevail. His medical attendance upon them added greatly to his cares. He was an indefatigable worker, and the welfare of his "children," as he called them, was near his heart. While upon the Reservation his peace principles were subjected to severe tests, but in the end he was triumphant.

His three years' term of activity at the Omaha Agency expired in 1873, when he returned to Baltimore, much enfeebled in health by reason of the strain under which he had labored. He continued, however, a worker in the Society of Friends until, after a second attack of paralysis, he died there, September 29th, 1875.

The family lot of Dr. Edward Painter is at Friends' Burial Ground, on the Harford Road, Baltimore.



DR. EDWARD PAINTER.
(FATHER OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)

MEMOIR OF DR. EDWARD PAINTER.

By M. G. M.

(From the Friends' Intelligencer, Dec. 11, 1875.)

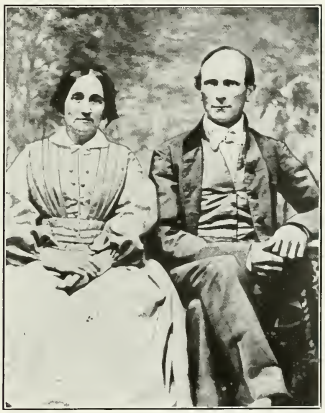
In a recent number of the "Intelligencer" there appeared a notice of the death of Dr. Edward Painter, but it has been desired that something more should be added, in commemoration of a character that was not of a common order. The object of memorials of our departed friends is, in part, to satisfy the longing affection that desires to have their memory cherished; but the higher feeling is that others may be encouraged by the example of the good, who, having had their infirmities and struggles, have in the end found the peace which passeth all understanding. Extravagant encomiums often lessen the force of the example of even a beautiful life, and call forth the expression, "The character is overdrawn, it was not so perfect." It is surely more encouraging to the seekers after holiness to know the steps by which the victory was won and the peace obtained that enabled the purified spirit to depart with "joy and not with grief." With this view, it way be appropriate to speak of the chequered feelings that marked the life of our dear friend. He frequently recurred to his experience about the time of his early married life, when, full of ardor, energy, and with acknowledged business ability, with good opportunities and apparently fair prospects of success, he entered upon his worldly concerns determined to be rich. His whole mind was in his work, he was sure of attaining the end he wished. But his Master knew what was best for him; his best laid schemes failed; but his integrity even then was striking, and in strong contrast with the way in which reverses are often met in these times.

But the aspiring spirit was not subdued; again and again he struggled for worldly riches, and, having a strong nature and will, the conflict was long continued. But yielding at last to the checks of the Spirit, which said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," he consecrated the last thirty years of his life to his Master. When the surrender was made, and when, with a tranquil mind, he pursued his worldly avocations, he was amply blessed in "basket and in store." To a singularly child-like, transparent character was added a highly nervous organization, a combination which caused him sometimes to be misunderstood; but those who knew him well, recognized his purity and single-mindedness. The strong points of his character being sanctified, his usefulness was greatly enlarged, and he devoted much of his time, while in business, to the welfare of the poor around him. Having good judgment in sickness, and with talents as a nurse, he was frequently found in the dwellings and cabins of the poor, aiding by his skill, and ministering to the wants of the sick. He has been known to stay all night with a sick child, afraid to trust the ignorance of the attendants, in a place from which his fastidious taste would have revolted if it had not been overpowered by his benevolent feelings. After he had left this field of usefulness, blessings were often invoked upon him by those who gratefully remembered him. Being so actively engaged in this kind of service, he felt the want of more medical knowledge, and, believing that his medical practice among the poor might be made more useful, he conceived it right, though late in life, to study medicine. Having completed his studies, he was soon after called into an

DR. EDWARD AND LOUISA GILPIN PAINTER.
(PARENTS OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)
(ABOUT 1869.)

entirely different field to work. Without any thought of change, he was solicited to become an Agent on the Omaha Indian Reservation, under the care of Friends. After due consideration, he accepted the offer, not without, as he afterwards said, some difficulty in understanding why, as he had felt it *a duty* to study medicine, he should also feel it right to accept the offer that took him away from his work. But it all became plain to him, when among the Indians; he found them suffering from disease in multiplied forms, malarious diseases carrying off many and a want of the knowledge of the laws of health causing consumption to prevail largely. His medical attendance upon them added greatly to his cares. He was an indefatigable worker, and the welfare of his "children," as he called them, was near his heart. He accomplished much while on the Reservation and is deserving of a large share of the praise lately accorded by Commissioner Smith, that Friends had done a great deal for the poor Indians. While on the Reservation his peace principles were subjected to a severe test, but he came out triumphant. His tribe, subject to incursions from neighboring Indians, had had their ponies frequently stolen, and were at last driven to desperation, and were determined to attempt to recover them by warlike means. Edward Painter sympathized with them, and told them he believed he could recover them, if they would obey his orders. They had seen that he had been willing to sacrifice health, strength and almost life for them, they had faith in him, and submitted to his guidance. Relying on his faith in the protecting arm of his Heavenly Father, they went forth with him to ask for the restoration of the ponies. Soon they saw the Sioux advancing with menacing attitude, but they calmly awaited them. The chief came forward with warlike demonstrations, and, after drawing nearer and nearer, pirouetting around them, observing (no doubt, with surprise) that the Omahas were unarmed, he quietly turned, leaving the field to the peaceful victors. Shall we say that these Omahas were unarmed? No; their leader was clothed in panoply and shield, stronger than was ever invented by man—the love of God in the heart, which spread its influence over his people, and which his enemies could not withstand. Our dear friend's heart was in his work during his stay among these people. He was often sorely tried in not being able to carry out his plans for their welfare, and the four years of toil and mental strain impaired his health, and soon after leaving the Reservation he was stricken lightly by paralysis. He said, the next day, very cheerfully, "This is a warning that my stewardship will soon be ended; at any hour the summons may come." In answer to a remark he said: "Call it not light, nor tell me many recover from such attacks and live long. I know what it means—'Set thine house in order.' I now put aside all the plans I have been laying for the future; the consideration of what is before me will not shorten my days. I am ready, but I will endeavor to wait patiently till my time comes. The Lord has been good to me, let Him do to me as seemeth to Him best." His faculties were mostly clear through many similar attacks, they, as is usual, increasing in intensity. Though feeble in walking, he went among his friends, and was sometimes engaged in giving utterance to the fullness of feeling which abounded with him. During the time he was an invalid he frequently expressed that he was living but for the moment; he believed he should soon have the final call. While very feeble, a few months before his death, he made an effort to visit one with whom there had been a long friendship, but who was so near the close of life he was scarcely able to see him. As E. P. wished it so strongly, he was admitted to the chamber; the scene was a solemn one, never to be forgotten. But few words passed. E., slowly, and in a low tone, suited to the condition of his friend, said, "I have wanted to see thee once more in this life, before we enter upon the other. We have loved each other here. I, too, am expecting a summons; mine may come first—at

any moment; but I am awaiting it with joy. Such, too, are thy feelings, I know." A warm assent was given, there was a loving grasping of hands, a tearful parting, and the words, "Farewell till we meet in Heaven." The two have entered into rest. "When the Angel of Death had breathed upon him, and almost touched him with his wand, his devotional spirit continued strong. The last few days of his life were passed in unconsciousness, but his serene and peaceful close, and his frequent expressions of readiness to meet the last messenger, have given the assurance that he has realized the fulfillment of the promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be My son."



DR. EDWARD AND LOUISA G. PAINTER.
(PARENTS OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)

William Painter.
(Father of Dr. Edward Painter and grandfather of William Painter.)

PHOEBE CHURCHMAN PAINTER.
(MOTHER OF DR. EDWARD PAINTER AND GRANDMOTHER OF WILLIAM PAINTER.)

LOUISA GILPIN PAINTER.

(From Descendants of Samuel Painter, 1699-1903, by Orrin C. Painter.)

Louisa Gilpin Painter was born at Ridley Creek, Delaware, December 11th, 1814. Her parents were Joseph Gilpin and Sarah Peirce Gilpin, who were married in 1802. She was the sixth of seven children, the others being Samuel Peirce, Sarah Ann, Ann Matilda, Alban, Lydia and Gideon Jakes.

She married, September 1st, 1834, Edward Painter, by whom she had seven children—Helen, Clara, William, Emilie, Joseph Gilpin, Samuel Gilpin and Charles; of whom Clara, William, Emilie and Samuel Gilpin are living. (See Dr. Edward Painter.)

The parents of Joseph Gilpin were Gideon Gilpin and Sarah Gregg Gilpin, who were married December 1st, 1762.

The parents of Gideon Gilpin were Joseph Gilpin and Mary Caldwell Gilpin, who were married December 17th, 1729.

The parents of Joseph Gilpin were Joseph Gilpin and Hannah Glover Gilpin, who were married February 23d, 1691-2.

Joseph Gilpin, who married Mary Caldwell, was a brother of Isaac Gilpin, who married Mary Painter, October 21st, 1736, and Esther Gilpin, who married Samuel Painter, August 5th, 1741, whose names appear in the third generation of this book.

She was a member of the distinguished Gilpin family, whose line of descent has been traced from Richard de Guylpin in the reign of King John, of England, about the year 1206. To Richard de Guylpin had been granted, for slaying a wild boar which devastated Cumberland and Westmoreland Counties, the estate of Kentmere, in Westmoreland County, England, by the Baron of Kendal.

"From their first appearance in history the Guylpins are mentioned in the annals of England as prominent in the affairs of the nation, they have been warriors, statesmen, councilmen, and from time to time mighty in the ecclesiastic world. They differed widely as to point of view, but were alike in their devotion to a cause once adopted."

"In 1696 Joseph Gilpin, with his wife, Hannah Glover, and two children, together with John West and family, came to the Colonies and settled in Birmingham, Chester county, Pa., to which place they walked from New Castle, where they landed. The persecution of the Friends in England was the direct cause of his seeking a new home and country.

"With the energy of his race Mr. Gilpin labored under the new circumstances of his life. His first home was a cave in the ground, a "dug-out," in which he and his family lived for about four years, two of his children being born there, and it is stated that his home in the dry soil proved, from a sanitary point of consideration, as healthy as any he may have had in later years. The original grant of land to Joseph Gilpin was for 625 acres. His farming proved most prosperous, and he soon became patriarch of the locality. Upon his lands the Indians set up their wigwams; they slept within his house; his doors and heart were open to the immigrant, arriving, as he had done, friendless upon the shores of a new land; his children played with the young savages, and from them learned hunting, fishing and shooting with the

bow. He lived until the year 1741, leaving at his death fifteen children and forty-five grandchildren, and it is estimated that in the year 1800 he had as many as one thousand descendants in this country. He was a veritable Abraham; his barns were full of grain; his harvests rich; his herds numerous; his lands vast, and his name has been multiplied a thousand-fold."

Louisa Gilpin Painter was beloved for her gentleness and amiability. The spirit of charity, which ever dwelt with her, did not discover itself through any great deeds, calling forth expressions of the world's commendation, but in a quiet, unostentatious manner she dispensed her gifts and gave her willing services and ministrations in every duty that lay close at hand, to all alike.

She was left a widow in 1875, and a year later visited Denver, where, in that high altitude, she contracted bronchitis, and was compelled, in a few months, to retrace her steps eastward. Eight years after, she went to Los Angeles, California, where she fell ill and was confined for two months to her bed. Upon her return to Baltimore her health improved. Here she lived until she died of pneumonia, May 16th, 1896.

Her interest never abated in all that transpired in the literary, political and work-a-day world, she many times using her ever-ready pen to urge to adherence to conscientious work in each spiritual calling—to do justly and love mercy in all things.

(See "Descendants of Gideon Gilpin" by Joseph Elliott Gilpin; also "Gilpin Memories, with an Account of the Author," by Rev. William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre.)

JOSEPH GILPIN.

(FATHER OF LOUISA GILPIN PAINTER, BORN MAY 17, 1780, DIED MARCH 29, 1858. HE LIVED IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, AND IN SANDY SPRING, MONTGOMERY CO., MD.)

LOUISA GILPIN PAINTER.

By Emilie Painter Jackson.

(Died in Baltimore, on the 16th of Fifth Month, 1896, Louisa G. Painter, relict of Dr. Edward Painter, in the 82nd year of her age.)

(From the Friends' Intelligencer, May, 1896.)

I believe that a brief sketch of the life and Christian character of our dear mother will be acceptable to the readers of the *Intelligencer*, some of whom have known her during many years of her life, which was rounded out beyond the allotted time.

In childhood, mother was beloved for her gentleness and amiability, virtues which grew with her growth into girlhood, and in the woman glowed and expanded in the sunshine of the All-Father's love; and under its benign influence she lived the good life, practically. The spirit of charity which ever dwelt with her did not discover itself through any great deeds, calling forth expressions of the world's commendation; but in a quiet, unostentatious way she dispensed her gifts and gave her willing service, and ministrations in every duty that lay close at hand, to all alike, realizing thus the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In later life her unselfishness and complete surrender of all she possessed for the pleasure and happiness of those about her was manifested to a remarkable degree, and lived with her until the hour when her pure soul passed beyond all mortal ken, to receive in her Father's house, we trust, the inheritance of the blest.

In the capacity of wife and in the holy calling of motherhood she lived up to her highest conception of right. As a wife, using her gentle influence in calming, soothing, and modifying the intense sensitive nature of the one who had come so closely into her life,—acting, as it was often said, as a balance-wheel, averting many a collision against the jagged points along life's pathway, and bringing about that harmony and unity which alone insures marital happiness. As a mother—blessed name—a thousand memories present themselves, and yet could there be a sweeter tribute paid than that she did her duty well, making her children glad and thankful that she lived; with tenderness and love, ever holding the God-given right she bore the child to wisely admonish and advise in man and womanhood as well, thus keeping alive in them the feeling of dependence and child-like love in its sacredness, so akin to that we bear to Him who gave us life.

Hannah Louisa Gilpin was the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Gilpin. She was born near Wilmington, Del., in 1814, and received her education in that city, her parents in the meantime moving to Maryland. In 1829 she joined them there. She went by the stage and steamboat of that day, and one of her companions in this journey was Edward Painter, then a boy of sixteen, who at once formed a friendship for the modest, beautiful girl which later on ripened into mutual love, resulting in their marriage in 1834. Their first home was made on the picturesque banks of the Brandywine, where my father was engaged in the manufacture of paper in the old mills still standing there. Thence they removed, in a few years, to Triadelphia, in Maryland, a little village, together with four hundred acres of land purchased by my

grandfather and presented to my father upon reaching his majority, and here with William Welsh, of Philadelphia, as one of the firm, he carried on the business of cotton spinning.

The next move was to a farm in the vicinity of Baltimore, and after several years there, to Harford County, and to Fallston, from which place, in 1869, mother accompanied father to the Omaha Indian Agency, in Nebraska, and there she cheerfully entered into the duties of an Agent's wife, with all its labors, vicissitudes, and responsibilities, interesting herself in these wards of the nation, feeding the innumerable applicants from her own larder, and clothing alike the deserving and the undeserving.

She was happy in her new environment, though so remote from family and friends, and enjoyed the beautiful world about her, the prairies carpeted with brilliant flowers, the ever-varying landscape and luminous valleys. Over these prairies she once rode 125 miles in an open wagon to the Pawnee Reservation, declaring upon her return that so little was she fatigued she could directly make the same trip again.

Their term at the Agency expiring in 1873, my parents then located in Baltimore, and in 1875 mother was left a widow. A year later she visited Denver, and in that high altitude contracted bronchitis, and was compelled in a few months to retrace her steps. Seven years after she again journeyed to the sunset land, going alone via Atlanta, Georgia. The following winter she extended her travels and reached California, where, at Los Angeles, she fell ill, and during the two months of her confinement within doors, continually longed to once more return to her native Maryland. In this she was gratified.

Although, for the remainder of her life she was afflicted with a severe cough, she was otherwise blessed with perfect health, and a sound constitution. Retaining all of her faculties, and surrounded by every comfort in a delightful home in Baltimore, with friends she dearly loved, the few years left her were full of happiness which she freely dispensed to others by her cheeriness and sunny nature, loving the companionship of old and young alike.

Her interest never abated in all that transpired in the literary, political, and work-a-day world, many times using her ever-ready pen to urge an adherence to conscientious work in each especial calling,—to do justly, and love mercy in all things.

At last, in the beautiful month of May, when the buds were bursting and the birds singing in their happy mating-time, the supreme moment came. During four weeks of illness she was patient and resigned, awaiting the inevitable end with the Christian fortitude which had characterized her all through her long and well-spent life.

AMONG THE OMAHA INDIANS.

By Emilie Painter (Jackson).

(From The Children's Friend, March, 1870.)

There are many things in this far Western land, and indeed immediately around us, to amuse and interest the children, as well as those who have come to maturer years, and I know most of them would gladly lay aside their playthings for a time to listen while I tell them about the Indians, or Red Men of the forest, as they are called, though they have pitched their tents, and built their mud wigwams upon the open prairies, where but few trees grow, except upon the margin of the rivers, or gulches, which are deep ravines, filled with shrubbery and flowers, growing in wild luxuriance.

On the Omaha Reservation, the whole tribe is divided into three separate villages, the inhabitants thereof being formed into bands, at the head of which is a Chief, or Brave, or some person of distinction amongst them.

It is a curious sight, and perhaps not a pleasant one to our refined taste, to witness the habits and customs of their every-day lives. Often two or three families are huddled together in a little tent, cooking, eating and sleeping in the same apartment. I one day peeped into a mud lodge and saw a complete circle of men, squaws and papooses of various sizes, seated on the floor around a huge fire, which was blazing high up in the centre; one of the squaws was busy preparing the evening meal; kneeling down beside the frying pan she was in the act of cutting chunks of fresh beef from a large piece she held in her lap, while several hungry dogs and cats sat by, looking longingly at the precious morsels as they fell into the vessel, now and then diving for, and getting a piece in an unguarded moment.

A few days ago a sleigh load of us started out for a ride; we crossed the Bluffs, and went down toward a Lake which I have named Necoma, a pretty sheet of water in summer, where large flocks of wild geese and ducks are constantly seen swimming on its smooth surface, or feeding amongst the tall grass and reeds which grow along its margin. This Lake also abounds in fish, and the Indians are soon to have a seine, and they will probably catch enough to supply the whole Reservation.

On our way we met several Indians of the Winnebago tribe. They had crossed the Missouri on the ice to the Iowa shore to hunt, a sport they are very fond of. They were mounted on their little ponies, or Shanghas, that were bending down under the heavy weight of their riders, and large pieces of venison suspended on either side of them. It is wonderful how much these small animals can carry. I have seen them loaded with boxes, bundles, and a variety of cooking utensils, until the pile was about two feet high, and then a little papoose would be strapped on the top. This is the manner in which their ponies are packed when preparing to go out on the hunt.

After passing the Winnebago Indians, we came to the edge of the Lake, and descended the steep slippery banks, and were soon gliding rapidly over the smooth snow-covered ice. We were not much alarmed, although the ice cracked, as the horses stepped briskly along, for the weather is so intensely cold at times in this climate that it freezes several feet deep. I thought how the little boys and girls "back East" would enjoy the fine skating ground. We rode more than two miles

OMAHA INDIAN AGENCY, OMAHA RESERVATION, NEBRASKA.
(ABOUT SEVENTY MILES NORTH OF OMAHA. PHOTOGRAPHED ABOUT 1874.)

THE OMAHA INDIAN AGENCY HOME, IN 1871.
(SHOWING DR. EDWARD AND LOUISA G. PAINTER AND THEIR DAUGHTER, EMILIE.)

on the Lake, then entered the "timber," where we saw several tents erected for the winter, to be sheltered by the massive cottonwood trees, and protected from the cold winds by the high bluffs. We drove up a bank almost perpendicular to visit a poor invalid squaw, and her little ones, living in a tent or tepee, smoked nearly black. The shinga-ghingas (the Indian name for children) we soon metamorphosed into different looking beings, by a supply of warm clothing from a bundle under the seat of the "bob-sleigh." They were delighted, and scarcely knew themselves, in their new dresses, of bright colors. They have never before been clad like white children, but a short calico shirt, a faded, tattered blanket, and leggings of red or blue flannel is mostly their outfit.

The sound of our sleigh-bells drew a crowd of little ones around us, and we looked with pitying eyes upon their forms scantily clothed, as they were a part of those who had not yet shared their portion of the good warm clothing.

We saw many bright eyes, and intelligent faces among them, some of which we only caught a glance at occasionally, for they are very modest, and wear their blankets thrown over their heads, and can shut themselves from sight as closely as a terrapin in its shell. After their curiosity had been satisfied, they all scampered away, pell-mell to a steep hill, where they had been coasting, like the little children in the East, not with beautiful painted sleds, but home-made ones, rude specimens, indeed.

Returning, we saw many Indian ponies nibbling the tender twigs and dried pea vines which grow wild in great abundance. Some were scraping away the snow with their feet to get the grass buried beneath it. These ponies live out most of the winter, and are obliged to lie on the ground when the snow is very deep. But God tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn, as Sterne says, and also to these little ponies, and though they become thin and poor during the winter, they soon fatten in the spring, upon the green grass which covers the prairies.

We passed by several Indian graves on the hill-tops. They have no grave-yards wherein to bury their dead, but mostly select the highest bluffs, so that when they return from the hunting grounds of the great Wah-Kunda (or Great Spirit) they can look far over the prairies.

These poor ignorant people have many strange ideas about the souls of the departed. When they die, a long loud cry or wail is heard away out on the night air, sounding very ominous to unaccustomed ears. This is their way of exhibiting the grief they have not yet learned to conceal. Years ago it was the custom to suspend the bodies of their dead to the limbs of trees. Now they bury them in neatly made coffins, though a few dig graves and place the bodies in a sitting posture, and build small houses, or sheds, over them, somewhat similar to a hencoop. These stand out in relief against the sky, and present a curious appearance to the eye of a stranger. These graves are held very sacred, and proofs of their affection are manifested from time to time by scattering around them bread and meat, and other articles of food, which they believe will still be enjoyed by them.

If a chief or prominent person amongst them dies, his blanket, pipe and trappings are placed in the grave with him, and sometimes his favorite horse is killed, or tied to a tree to starve to death. This is very cruel, but we hope in time, when they become educated and more civilized, they will abandon these customs that have descended to them from time immemorial. We rode over to the Island, which is thickly covered with heavy timber. We reached it by crossing a substantial bridge, lately built by the Agent, with the assistance of the Indians, under his direction. They are felling the huge trees, and hauling the logs to the sawmill to be prepared for building their houses in the spring.

The Indians have, heretofore, considered it very degrading for men to labor, and their hands are in consequence soft and smooth, and the muscles undeveloped. The squaws generally do all the drudgery, planting and working the corn, hauling the wood, scooping out holes in the ground to bury their corn, etc. And even now, one can be seen with a great log on her back, which would puzzle a strong white man to lift, and trudging along slowly and patiently with her burden.

But now a change is gradually coming over "the spirit of their dream," and the prospect of seeing comfortable houses dotted all over the prairies, houses they can live in and call home, has inspired them with energy and industry surpassing all expectations. They are delighted with the bright future before them, and are eager and anxious to see their new houses as you little children are to peep into your stockings after Kris-Kringle has filled them with good things.

After I tell you about old Umba-habba, or Half-a-day, I must finish my story, or you will grow tired of listening. He is a great fat old Indian who comes up to the Agency for vamoos-ka (bread) and matches. On one occasion we intimated the great necessity there was for "a change of linen," and also the use of soap and water, and presented him with a good warm flannel shirt. A few days after we saw him wending his way over the prairies, and before reaching the house, he sat down by the roadside, threw off his robe to the waist, and scraping up the snow around him, washed his arms and face, stroked up his hair, then unfolded the new garment he had snugly tucked away, slipped it on, and came walking up to the Agency, puffing, and fanning himself, although the weather was bitter cold.

I must now bid you good-bye. It may be you will hear from me again.

MRS. LOUISA GILPIN PAINTER ON THE NEBRASKA PRAIRIES IN 1871.

THREE YEARS AMONGST THE OMAHA INDIANS.

By Emilie Painter Jackson.

(Published in the Friends' Intelligencer, in 1887.)

In the year 1869, while our country was gradually readjusting its affairs, and seeking to regain its normal condition after the terrible ordeal of civil war, General Grant, then at the helm of Government wisely guiding the ship of state, inaugurated a Peace Policy towards the Indians, which at once endeared him to the lovers of its pure principles. His design was to select men from the different religious denominations to act as agents to various tribes, instead of having them placed under the care and supervision of the War Department, as heretofore. This humanitarian step, taken by a great soldier whose sword had scarcely been sheathed in its scabbard, met with loud applause and hearty commendation, and measures were immediately taken to select the right men for the responsible position; and but a short time elapsed before the new agents were at their posts and the experiment put to the test.

It so happened that my father, Dr. Edward Painter, had from motives purely philanthropical but recently graduated from the school of medicine, and was chosen as a suitable person to represent the Friend, or Quaker, element; it being known that he was a minister also, and was supposed to be able to preach and practice as well. Most happily, his lot was cast amongst the Omahas, a peaceable tribe then occupying the reservation comprising the whole county of Black Bird, in the State of Nebraska, some 70 miles above the city of Omaha, and lying partially along the Missouri river, or "Big Muddy," as it was usually called. His advent upon the scene of his new and untried labor was in the flowery month of May, and as the old agency wagon lumbered along over the ten-mile stretch between the town of Decatur, and the future home, he, with the dear, faithful mother at his side, was enjoying an experience at once novel and interesting.

My father was a great lover of nature, and when his eye wandered over the billowy sea of prairie, carpeted with the rarest and most brilliant flowers, with the tall green waving grass in the pretty valleys, the serpentine Missouri in the hazy distance, and over all the bluest of bending skies, he felt a glow of pleasure that his work was to begin in such a beautiful land.

The writer declined to accompany them into what was imagined to be a howling wilderness, remote from all civilization, but when the word flew across 2000 miles, telling of so much that was strange and wonderful and romantic, a trunk was hastily packed, and not many days elapsed before the far-away destination was reached. The new agent was advised, soon after his arrival, by some of the employees, that the advent of a long-faced, serious Quaker, wearing the notorious broad brim and straight coat of the sect, and who would no doubt exercise his authority in severe restrictions and arbitrary rule, laying out a narrow path in which all must walk, and reversing all things in general, was not anticipated with the most pleasurable emotions. These fears, however, were not long in being dispelled when the genial face under the broad-brim once smiled happily upon them.

It would take a volume to do justice to the condition, morally, physically, and financially, in which were found these wards of the Nation, who it was proved—

THE SCHOOL ON THE OMAHA INDIAN RESERVATION, IN 1871.

DR. EDWARD PAINTER. MR. AND MRS. THEODORE T. GILLINGHAM.

after a thorough investigation—had been entirely at the mercy of men some of whom were dishonest and unprincipled, and part of the annuity due the Indians had been diverted from its proper channels, to enrich the agents and others beyond the confines of the Reservation. As an instance, it was found that the flour for distribution was put into bags holding less than specified. Beef had been purchased by contractors, butchered, and the best appropriated by themselves, and the remainder fell to the share of the tribe, who had no means of redress. Vouchers for building and other purposes were signed before being filled, and the whole system was one of corruption, and calculated to benefit the parties employed to administer to the wants of the Indians, instead of the Indians themselves. Such an outlook was not the most inspiring or encouraging, but it mattered little when the mind and heart of my father were filled with but one purpose, that of overcoming all obstacles; that justice, mercy and the right should prevail.

The new agent had been at his post but a few weeks, when an opportunity was offered, of not only proving the efficacy of peace principles, but to be of lasting benefit to the two tribes concerned. The Omahas had been raided by a band of Kiowas, from a reservation some 400 miles away, in Southern Kansas, near the borders of the Indian Territory. These Indians had been at enmity with the Omahas for many years, manifesting their bitter hostility when coming in contact on the open prairies. When a raid was eventually made, and a score of ponies captured and successfully run off, there was a commotion in the camp, war paint was freely smeared over the visages and bodies of the chiefs and braves, bows were strung and quivers filled with arrows and slung across the shoulders, and vigorous preparations made for the warpath. Judge, then, of their surprise and dismay when a fiat went forth, thwarting their vengeful intentions! A spirit of rebellion was rife, but soon quelled, and through the aid of an interpreter, the new regime was explained to their satisfaction.

A dozen or more of the most influential men of the tribe were summoned before the Agent, requested to divest themselves of all fire-arms, and get into readiness for a journey of a unique and venturesome character, concerning the outcome of which they were dubious, though they were willing for the novel undertaking. The first part of the journey was made by rail, and at a station on the confines of the plain a wagon was secured to convey the Agent and his party to the Kiowa Reservation. Their approach had been heralded, and they were soon met and confronted by an Indian brave, clad in all the paraphernalia of war, and armed to the teeth. He planted his pony in front of the wagon, leveled his six-shooter and demanded a halt, which, discretion being the better part of valor, they quickly obeyed. The interpreter, whose language was the same as the Kiowa, then explained their mission of peace; how they had come, at the instigation of their new agent, to recover their ponies, leaving behind them all fire-arms, but that they would not return without their rightful property. After a few moments of parleying, the brave dashed past the wagon, fired off a number of volleys, and putting whip to his pony was soon lost in the distance. Proceeding on their way, the party soon reached the Kiowa camp. The Indian scout had anticipated them; their peaceful intentions had been proclaimed, and all preparation had been made for their reception, which resulted in a council being held, the inevitable pipe passed around and smoked by friend and foe, the ponies all restored to their owners; two hostile tribes made friends, and the adventurers returned triumphant and crowned with the garlands of peace.

This unprecedented event placed the Omahas in an entirely new attitude toward the Agent; they at once recognized in him a friend, a father—Da-de-ha, as they called him henceforth—and one who had their interest and welfare at heart.

REAR OF THE OMAHA AGENCY HOME, SHOWING DR. EDWARD PAINTER FEELING AN INDIAN'S PULSE, MRS. LOUISA G. PAINTER HANDING FOOD TO A SQUAW, AND EMILIE PAINTER WATERING THE FLOWERS.

My father now entered upon the great labor of agent and physician combined, with renewed energy and hope and enthusiasm. But soon many subjects presented themselves, calculated to dampen the ardor of the most sanguine, and to hamper and partially frustrate the work which had begun under such favorable auspices.

A Presbyterian Mission had been in operation on the Reservation for some years, and there appeared to be a faction, under control of the missionary, who opposed all innovations or influences leading into an opposite direction to his own plans for the benefit of his adherents. Then again, the outside parties who had heretofore "feathered their nests,"—so to speak,—from the proceeds of the contracts made for supplying provisions, etc., to the Indians, naturally grew dissatisfied, drew up a petition and had it signed by disaffected white men and Indians connected with the faction alluded to, praying for the removal of the Agent, for various reasons specified. This caused an immense amount of "red tape," and more annoyance and delay, but eventually the hope of bringing about the former state of affairs was abandoned, and the Agent was left to pursue his own course.

A TEPEE ON THE OMAHA INDIAN RESERVATION.
(SHOWING DR. EDWARD PAINTER STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE AND ORRIN C. PAINTER, AGED SEVEN, STANDING NEXT TO HIM.)
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1871.)

An important step soon taken in the interest of the Indians,—an original idea, I believe, with my father,—was that of breaking up the tribal relation. Through a trusted and intelligent interpreter all family relationships were traced out, the people were grouped into families, and each given a Christian name, which was indeed no easy task. Then the next thing in order was to divide their land in severalty, allotting 160 acres to the married, and 60 acres to the single men and women. Finally a patent was applied for, which was intended to secure the land to the owner. Unfortunately, the mills of the gods at Washington ground slowly, and the much-hoped-for bill did not pass during the new Agent's term of office; though I believe it afterwards did, with some revisions.

A spirit of industry, altogether unknown, was now infused into the nature of the red men. As an incentive towards it, a plan was made to build a cottage on each allottment of land. There was a saw-mill on the Reservation, oxen and wagons were supplied, and on an island near by was a growth of fine timber. The Indian who first cut down a certain number of trees, hauled the logs to the saw-mill, and then the planks to the building site, would have his house put up.

DR. EDWARD PAINTER ATTENDING A COUNCIL OF THE OMAHA INDIANS, WITH HIS INTERPRETER SITTING NEAR HIM.

Chiefs whose hands were as soft as an infant's, and braves and young "bucks" who had scorned to labor like a "squaw," laid aside their blankets and wielded the axe awkwardly, but with a will and purpose, cheered on by the new-born hope of individual ownership and possession never before experienced.

This plan of work once mapped out and put into successful execution, others presented themselves for consideration, and as my father was a man expert at anything, from writing poetry to hitting the right nail on the head, he was not long in discovering what was best to be done by way of improvement, cultivation of the land, and the advancement and cultivation of the Indians themselves. Good roads were to be made to different points, bridges were to be built over the creeks instead of fording them, school houses were erected, etc. In order to do this a white man was appointed as head carpenter, and instead of employing men outside of the Reservation, stout, young Indians gladly accepted the position at moderate wages, with a promise of promotion and better pay as they deserved it. In every avenue opened for industrial pursuits, Indians were employed, and directed by efficient men, who thoroughly understood their peculiar nature, and how to control and deal with it.

It was deemed advisable to place a portion of the executive power in the hands of the Indians, and for this purpose a score or more of the best and most reliable

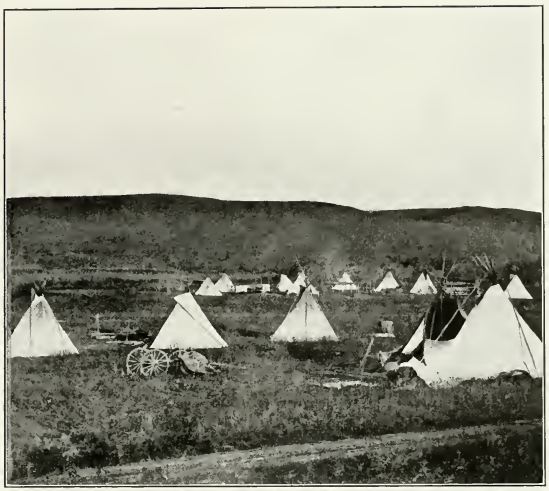
DR. EDWARD PAINTER VISITING A YOUNG MOTHER.

men were formed into a body of policemen, each formally receiving his commission, and decorated with a gorgeous insignia of office, which he wore with an air of authority, which authority he was frequently called upon to assert. The cases which came up for consideration and advisement were legion, and the greatest discretionary power had to be brought to bear where ignorance and superstition, or a lack of confidence was manifested. Many came like simple-hearted children to consult and advise with the wise father about their domestic and other woes, to which he listened with kindly sympathy and attention, and if the occasion demanded it, a council was called and the matter laid before the chiefs for consideration and adjustment. In these councils could be heard the eloquence of a learned statesman. After the pipe of fragant "kinnekinick" was passed around and smoked by each, a chief would rise with the greatest dignity, fold his blanket about him with unstudied grace, leaving his right arm free for the most natural gesticulation, and deliver his address in a flow of language which a senator might envy. At times, when the wrongs of his unfortunate race were the burden of his subject, his power of eloquence was at his best, and his similes and appeals for the redress of their hapless condition were poetical in the extreme. This is a true statement, and viewed from no sentimental standpoint. It has ever been acknowledged by those who are unprejudiced, and have been disinterested listeners to the addresses in the Indian councils.

"GHIEGA," AN OMAHA INDIAN CHIEF.

One of the most difficult tasks my father found it his duty to perform was the doing away with some of their ancient customs that had become almost second nature to them. Some of these they meekly submitted to, while in others it was almost impossible to influence them. They would cling to them as tenaciously as some among us, in this day of progression, cling to the traditions under the old Jewish dispensation.

It was customary, when a noted chief or brave was buried, that his favorite pony was smeared with paint and gaily decorated, and then sacrificed, that it might bear the spirit of the departed to the "happy hunting ground," but it was evident that the advancement and civilization of the Indians could not be successfully accomplished while such cruelties were submitted to. It was also the practice a few years before that when a child or infant died, the aged grandfather or mother was placed alive in the grave, in a sitting posture, with the dead body in his arms, and there covered up with earth and left to his fate. This, however, had been discontinued, also that of suspending the bodies of the dead in trees, after being wrapped in a blanket or robe. At that time they were buried on the top of the highest bluffs, that the spirit could command a view of the surrounding country when it returned temporarily to the body, which lay under a little house similar to a hen coop, and around which was placed eatables of different kinds for the benefit of the visiting spirits also.



AN OMAHA INDIAN VILLAGE ON "THE BOTTOMS."

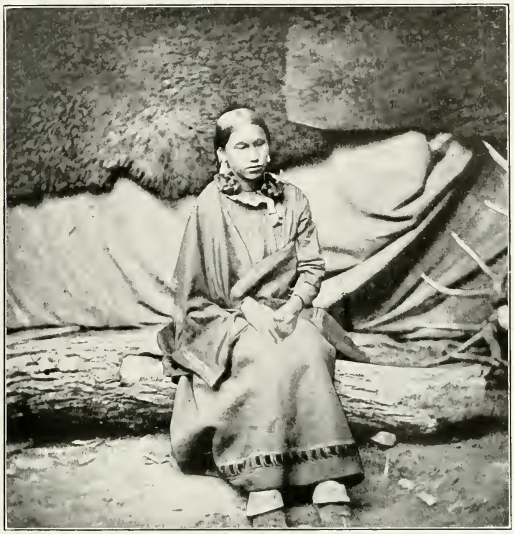
I remember once attending an Indian burial. It was on a wintry day in November, and the wind swept over the wild waste of prairie, and on its wings was borne a wail of lamentation. I turned my pony in the direction from which it came, and rode up to a rude building in which a young Indian man had died, and where were congregated the relatives and friends. The squaws lifted up their voices in the wildest tones of grief, as they listened to the sermon of the missionary. The rude coffin was then placed upon the bob-sled and covered by a United States flag, as he had been in the army, and drawn over the crusty snow, followed by the dusky forms of men and squaws on foot. The procession wound along up the steep sides of the bluff, until the open grave was reached at the summit, just as the sun was dipping down in the West, casting long shadows over the weird scene; the body of Tanuga-Gahe was lowered into the grave, but no sound of clods fell on the coffin. The squaws brought their little offerings of bread and meat, and trinkets once prized by the dead, and quietly placed them in the grave; over it a blanket was spread, and then all turned and silently stole away.

It is said that in former years, when the death of a noted Indian occurred, the relatives lacerated their bodies in a most frightful manner; young men would stand around the tepee or mud lodge where the body lay, almost naked in the severest weather, and thrust long-pointed sticks and skewers through their arms without flinching. It is at once encouraging to the cause of civilization to know that, as they

AN OMAHA INDIAN CHIEF.

come more and more under Christian influence and are educated these customs are gradually abandoned, especially by the rising generation.

Not far from the Agency home stood the blockhouse, an octagonal building with a high flag-pole in the centre. It was used for the purpose of storing the ammunition, which was intended as a gentle reminder in case of uprising or disobedience to the orders of the Agent in charge. When the Peace Policy came into effect, there was no further use for the contents of this building, and General Ord, then stationed at Omaha, was notified, and wagons were sent to convey it away. It was then converted into a school house, which with one or two others was soon well filled with me zhenjhas and nu zhenjhas, and with teachers appointed whose hearts were in the good work. The task began of training the young minds, which were far from being dull or inactive. A night school was also opened for the older members of the tribe, which was well patronized. Here object-lessons were given, readily learned, and thoroughly enjoyed both by teacher and pupils. Sabbath schools were held in the new school buildings, and all were made welcome. Chapters in the New Testament were written out and simplified, read and explained. The following Sabbath the children were called upon to repeat what they had remembered, which they did with remarkable accuracy and application of its import. Thus every branch of the work



A SQUAW OF THE OMAHA TRIBE.

progressed satisfactorily, keeping the Agent active in investigating and disposing of the many cases that came up for his consideration. The duties of the physician had also to be fulfilled, and the afflicted of all ages came to the council house to have their ailments diagnosed and medicine given. Some had teeth extracted and surgical operations performed, which they submitted to with the heroic stoicism of their race.

Such confidence had these people in the new father as a medicine man that one day old Umpa Tunga, or Big Elk, came with his squaw bearing a dead infant in his arms, imploring him to use every effort to kindle the life spark again.

In the blockhouse there were two floors; the upper one, as mentioned before, was used for a school room, while the lower one was a sort of prison, in which refractory Indians—those violating the laws by stealing, or any kind of misdemeanors—were immured. It was a source of gratification to know that it was not frequently occupied, and when an unfortunate was confined there for a certain length of time, he most invariably came out without manifesting any kind of ill-will towards the Agent.

Dishonesty was found not to be much more frequent than amongst white men with more favorable environment. One young Indian, bright and intelligent, and

who had been educated at the Mission School, forged a note; it was the first and only crime of that nature heard of during the Agent's term of office, and should in no wise reflect upon the cause of education. Old Indian Betsy, a sturdy Amazon of the tribe, who could speak French and English, and whose life was a romantic and adventurous one, bringing down many a buffalo and trapping wild animals, and trafficking with traders, was said to be shrewd and not altogether honest. Then, like many negroes who regard chicken stealing as a legitimate business, the Indians would run off ponies from the neighboring tribes, with a conscience void of offense, and count all that so much clear gain.

The disregard of the marriage rite of civilized life was a subject of much solicitation on the part of the Agent. When he found that several white men, adopted into the tribe, had "squaw wives" where no civil ceremony had been performed, and only that of the tribe adopted which was the giving of several ponies to the parents of the intended bride, my father lost no time in having these parties properly united by the Presbyterian minister. Upon two occasions couples were married by Friends' ceremony, which with such environments was unique and interesting.

Henry Fontenelle, a half-breed Indian, and brother to the great departed war chief, Black Bird, was left as guardian to a couple of nieces, who were recognized as princesses, so far as Indian royalty went. They were possessed of bright minds and well educated; one of them having for several years attended a school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where she became engaged to a young white man, who was afterwards killed in the Union Army. Fontenelle was an ambitious man, and was determined his nieces should become the wives of Nuskah—or white men; he used every endeavor to so influence them, but without avail, for the hearts of the pretty Indian maidens— one of whom was a servant in our home—were already given to young braves in their own tribe. Their persuasions having no effect, through the influence of the Agent the stern guardian relented. The first marriage ever performed

EMILIE PAINTER AND HER INDIAN PONY, "DIXIE."

by the simple ceremony of the Friends took place in the new school house, where were gathered a picturesque crowd, comprised of blanketed Indians, those who had adopted citizens' dress, and white persons employed on the Reservation, all drawn thither to enjoy the novel occasion. The bridal party, who had been thoroughly instructed by the writer of this paper, entered and were seated upon chairs placed upon the raised platform. They included the bride and groom, with bride's maids and groom's men selected from amongst the blanketed Indians. The Agent, invested with the necessary authority, sat facing the party, and after the usual silence always observed by Friends upon such occasions, the bride and groom were motioned to arise, the groom taking the hand of the bride, and repeating the following words after the Agent: "I, Thomas Macaulay, take thee, Josephine Fontenelle, to be my wedded wife, promising through Divine assistance to be unto thee a faithful and loving husband until death shall separate us." She, in a faint voice and downcast look, repeated her part, all of which was interpreted to the Indians who did not understand English. After the certificate was signed by the white people and the Indians made their mark, refreshments were served by blanketed Indians, all enjoying the occasion, from the greatest chief to the tiniest Shinga Zhingha. A year or more after, while wandering around in the Indian village, I was surprised to see Josephine F. Macaulay, robed in the habiliments of a squaw, pure and simple, and upon her back, wrapped securely in the folds of her blanket, was a little papoose, its bead-like eyes peeping at me with innocent wondering. I regretted to learn of this case of retrograding, especially among the educated, but I think it was an unusual one.

It was some time before one unused to the character and habits of the Indian in his untutored state could be reconciled to the squaws performing most of the manual labor; their broad backs seemed to be fitted for the burden and they could carry immense loads upon them. My father once told of a squaw, bent with the weight of years, who went out, lariat in hand, to bring wood to the tepee. Coming to a good-sized log, she lifted it sufficiently to slip the strap under it; she then lay down with her back to the log, secured the lariat across her shoulders, rolled over on hands and knees, and scrambling to her feet trotted off with her burden, leaving the beholder, who had a tender consideration for womankind, in a state of mental perturbation.

Several visitors from the East, coming to the Agency Home across the prairie, noticed a squaw carrying a plow, while her "liege lord" walked leisurely before her. Questioning the propriety of such a proceeding, one of the men alighted from the vehicle and sought to remonstrate by signs and gestures, when to his consternation the squaw deliberately put down her burden and was about to castigate the intruder, who beat a hasty retreat.

The subject of old traditions, legendary lore, and sacred rites and ceremonies of the tribe could not be thoroughly treated in a short paper. The giving of ponies to visiting Indians from distant reservations was always an occasion upon which dancing and feasting and strange performances held a prominent part. Here could be discovered the remains of what was ever sacred to the Indian in his untutored and wild state. Some of the dances were calculated to strike terror to the heart of the uninitiated. I remember upon one occasion when an aunt, directly from the East, greatly desired to witness a dance. It was a religious one, held in a mud lodge, in one of the villages; the only entrance to it was through a long, dark passage-way, which led to an immense circular room which was dimly lighted from a hole at the top. The Indians, who were all dressed in Nature's broad-cloth, save the usual breech-cloth, were seated around the fire in the centre of the lodge. They were painted in the most hideous manner, and decorated with feathers and many kinds of war trappings. Our situation seemed to be an unenviable one, especially when we discovered that the

only means of egress was closed up by the crowd of Indians who were witnessing the affair. When the dance began, with wild savage gestures and unearthly yells, my Catholic relative grasped the crucifix at her side, and with a look of terror on her face held it to her lips, muttering long prayers, until a chance for making our exit appeared, which we took advantage of without standing upon the order of going.

There was one custom so dear to the heart of the red man that my father saw fit not to disturb during the first two years of his office, and that was the annual hunt. After the maize was all planted and the crops in, the visions of great herds of Tanugas, feeding on the buffalo grass away out on the prairie, along the Republican river, haunted them, and stirring preparations would begin. Mounting my little Indian pony—Dixie—I would gallop over to the camp of some twenty or thirty white tepees, pitched temporarily in a grassy valley, and watch the novel proceedings. Amongst the men all was stir and activity, dashing from one camp to another with bows and arrows at their backs, rifles held across the saddle bow and blankets flying to the breeze in their rapid transit. While this scene was being enacted the squaws were not idle. To them fell the homelier duties, and by the strength of their brawny arms, and hands hardened by toil, the tents were struck, and the village gradually melted away. Not a discordant sound was heard; they worked in harmony—a lesson to their white sisters,—and before one was aware, the prostrate tents were strapped upon the backs of submissive ponies, together with all their household effects, making an immense pack, upon the top of which tiny papoose would be strapped for safe conveyance. On either side of the pony the tent poles were fastened, and on them placed more necessary articles for the long journey. All in readiness, each squaw would lead her pony, the rest following, and winding up the bluffs towards the setting sun, they would disappear. A cavalcade of gorgeously arrayed chiefs and braves would bring up the rear, eager for the anticipated sport. After the lapse of two or three months, they would return laden with the results of the chase, when a big feast would be in order, preparatory to cutting the grass, stacking it, and ploughing about the stacks for protection from the prairie fires, which in the autumn would sweep relentlessly over the prairie, making a grand and brilliant display in the dark silence of night, but often leaving devastation in their path.

The Ponca Indians, from Dakota Territory, came one winter and pitched their tents amongst the Omahas, to partake of their hospitality. It is the custom with all tribes to share with one another as long as there is any wahnuska, or bread, at their command. Amongst them was one stalwart young brave, who became a frequent visitor at the Agency Home,—stealing in at times, noiselessly and unobserved, he would sit prone upon the floor, taking in the surroundings with a pair of keen, observing eyes. He one day confided to our cook—who understood his vernacular—that he came to see his young wehah—or sister—and bewailed the fate of the Indian, who could not do his wooing as his white brother was privileged to do. Of course the white sister enjoyed this bit of romance, which continued until the tents of the Poncas were struck and all preparations made for the homeward march. Then came the farewell visit, but he would come again when the grass had grown just so high. After the promise of a letter from his sister, he begged through the interpreter that the name of a white man should be given him in place of Shilooh—his own—which was granted, and young Romney Leigh, tall and straight as the arrow in his quiver, proudly bearing his new name, and decorated with ribbons and trinkets as a parting gift—so dear to the heart of the Indian—stalked out and over the prairie and into the far-away, forever. But it was not out of mind forever, for

CHILDREN OF THE PRAIRIES.

an answer came to a letter, typical of the simplicity of the Indian nature, and ran thus:

Ponca Agency, Dakota Territory,

June 16, 1870.

Dear Friend: I am very much pleased to hear from you. I intend to come and see you this summer, some time before cold weather sets in. My sister, I think of you all the time. It is only when I am asleep that I do not think of you. I wish you would answer this as soon as you receive it, and please tell me all the news, and tell me if there is any work for me to do, for I would like to come down there and work. I am very much obliged to you for giving me a white name; I like it very much. My sister, we have to be on our guard all the time watching our horses and our scalps, for we expect the Sioux to come down on us at any time. When you write, send me news from my father (your father); I like to hear what is doing there.

Ever your friend and brother,

Romney Leigh, (Ponca Indian).

An interesting occasion was the distribution to the tribe of about $1,000 worth of ready-made clothing sent out by Friends from the State of Indiana. They consisted of every necessary article worn by men, women and children, and when they were unpacked and laid upon temporary shelves in a large room of the Agency Home, it bore the appearance of a respectable dry goods store. I can never forget the day when about 800 Indians of all ages were congregated about our residence, each waiting his turn to receive the allotted portion. Many of the young braves would hastily begin to divest themselves of their Indian garb, so eager were they to don the new, in which they afterwards presented an uncouth appearance. Many of the articles were transformed into styles after the Indian idea of fitness of things. The feet were cut from the stockings, only the legs of the pantaloons utilized, etc.

One day, when our advent at the Agency Home had been but recent, an old Indian by the name of Umba, habba, or "Wolf a Day," made his appearance; it was after "Sick Hungry" had paid his visit and retired. Seating himself by the warm fire, he threw back his buffalo robe,—which was always confined at the waist by a rope or lariat made of buffalo hair,—the good mother, discovering his want of underclothing, made haste to bring out a "biled shirt," so vulgarly called on the frontier, and handed it to him, with the promise exacted not to come again without it. Some days after, when snow covered the ground and the mercury fell low, he was noticed wending his way over the hills. Before reaching the house he sat down by the fence, threw back his robe, and reaching for the said shirt, drew it forth; then taking up handfuls of snow, he gave himself a vigorous bath, slipped on the garment, wrapped his robe about him, and came steaming and puffing up, his countenance arrayed in smiles.

There were scenes and incidents constantly occurring about us creating much diversion, and shortening the distance which separated us from the far-away East. Such a care-free life, with its picturesque and romantic surroundings, away from the tiresome routine of social requirements, with glorious Nature spread out before us in

an open volume of illuminated pictures—every line a lesson of instruction — could one still in the green pastures of life feel other than these exquisite words of Longfellow express?

"How canst thou walk in these streets
Who hast trod the green turf of the prairies,
How canst thou breathe in this air
Who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?"

We know how sentimental and ridiculous all this would appear to those who see in the Indian nature naught but the savage, with scalping knife in hand, quivering with murderous intent; who have long ago banished him from the face of the earth. But they do not realize that the Divine attribute of life in him is just as much a gift from the All-Father as that of their own; they forget, or have never known, the feeling of the brotherhood of man, and the duty of each to help to uplift, to inspire the mental and spiritual, and to direct the moral and physical into the best channels leading to a growth and development of man and womanhood, open to all of the children of one God and Father. That the Indian is susceptible of training and mental culture has been proved to be the case in a far greater degree than that of the negro, at the schools established at Hampton, Va., Carlisle, Pa., and also at several points in the Far West. An interesting letter from one of the teachers at the Carlisle School runs thus: "When we began this school, ten years ago, there came to it a full-blooded young Cheyenne from the Cheyenne Agency; he was about twelve years old. His father, then, was a thoroughly wild Indian, and the boy was secured while dancing with others around the scalp taken from the head of one of the United States soldiers. He willingly came to the school, when the chance offered, and after remaining eight years, married a Pawnee girl, who had come here just seven years before under somewhat the same conditions. When they married they were offered employment by a farmer and dairyman at West Grove, 14 miles from Philadelphia. They went there the day they were married, and have lived in the same house with their employer and his wife until last week. Mr Harvey was so well pleased with the young man that he soon placed him in charge of the dairy department, which is a considerable responsibility. Amongst others, he supplied Mr. Wanamaker's great store with 80 quarts of cream daily."

The following is a letter from this young Cheyenne to Captain Pratt of the Carlisle School:

"*Dear Captain Pratt*: We are now looking for a letter saying you will come and be the first to see us in our new home. If all goes well, we expect to get into it by the middle of next week. We claim to have the best tenant house in this county. If it was not for the building of a new ice house, shipping pigs and six young Jerseys to the Japanese Government, we would have been in it by this time. The Japs are going to try their hands at this kind of stock in their country.

"Before long we are going to have a telephone from West Grove to this house, and whenever you send a message by wire, it will come from there to here.

"It seems to me this farm is growing better every day. We had another big feast since you were here, and this was for an Irish couple just arrived from Ireland, Eight roosters had to give up their lives on that day, and we had lots of cream cakes, deviled crabs, (!) meats, etc.

"This is a rainy Sunday, but I thought I would write and let you know that we are still in a good humor.

"We have no minister in our church now; our former one preached his farewell sermon some time ago. I subscribed five dollars towards a resident one, and I do not know what our church men have decided."

Where could a negro be found in the whole South who could dictate a more intelligent letter—or a heathen in a foreign land, toward whom the heart of the missionary goes out with the most tender solicitation? Here is a missionary work for us to do at home, and a very important one, fraught generally with good results.

It has now been over twenty years since my father did his good work on the Omaha Reservation. He was succeeded by other agents who were Quakers, but eventually it passed into the hands of other denominations. The Friends had at that time in their charge besides the Omahas, the Otoes, Pawnees, Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes, and Santee Sioux, and all have done most excellent work. We occasionally hear of those who were children at the time of our sojourn amongst them. Some have made their mark in the world. Frank La Flesche, a bright, beautiful boy then, and son of a noted chief in the tribe, has now a responsible position in one of the departments at Washington. His sister, Suzette, who eventually married a white man connected with a newspaper in Omaha, and who took the lecture field in behalf of her nation, was a girl whose amiability and beauty were remarked by all who knew her. Her mother, though a blanketed Indian, was tall, dignified, and queenly in her bearing, and regarded by her people as one of superiority amongst the squaws.

Towards the latter part of my father's administration as agent to the Omahas, a cloud came up and spread over the serene sky and darkened his hopes and sorrowed his heart, so filled with a desire for the good of these people, whom he had learned to know and to feel an abiding interest in their future welfare.

Before very many of the houses promised the Indians were built, and while all were in busy preparation for the anticipated event of a home to be called their own, the Government saw fit to withdraw part of their annuity. This at once paralyzed all operations and caused dissatisfaction and distrust throughout the tribe. They could not be made to realize or appreciate the situation; their suspicions were aroused; councils were held amongst themselves with white men in attendance, who strove to incite an uprising, and for a time it seemed as if the good work that had been accomplished would prove of no avail. All was confusion, and there was no help for it, though the situation was injurious in the extreme. Under this cloud, the Agent, who had most faithfully served the Government and the tribe, retired with sad regret at the unavoidable calamity, but with the ever-present joy of knowing he had benefited them, and had started them in the path leading to a more useful, independent and happy life.

I trust the good work is now being carried on with other hearts as deeply interested, and other hands withheld not from any duty presented.

A VISIT TO THE OMAHA AGENCY, NEBRASKA.

By Orrin C. Painter.

(Written for the Friends' Intelligencer, Denver, Eleventh Month, 8th, 1898.)

Believing that an account of my recent visit to the Omaha Indian Agency, in Nebraska, may be of interest to many of your readers, I have concluded to send you such a description.

It will be remembered by some that Dr. Edward Painter, of Fallston, Harford county, Maryland, was appointed, under the first administration of President Grant, to the office of Indian Agent on the Omaha Reservation, which he conscientiously filled for three years, making important changes for the better in the government of the Indians, and acquiring their good will to an extent as then unprecedented. Added to this, he devoted his skill as a physician and surgeon to their service gratuitously, relieving and preventing much suffering. During his service in this capacity he was aided by his faithful wife, Louisa G. Painter, and daughter, Emilie Painter, (Jackson), now of Detroit. Dr. Painter and his wife are deceased. It is at the suggestion of Mrs. Jackson, who is my aunt, that these lines are written. I am a grandson of Dr. Painter, and during this time, in 1871, made a visit of six months to the Agency, being then but seven years of age. Not having returned there for twenty-seven years, it was naturally with great pleasure that I embraced the opportunity, recently presented, of visiting the scenes of my youth.

Being in Omaha, *en route* to Denver, from Baltimore, October 29th, I purchased a ticket for Pender, a small town in Thurston county, eighty-two miles north of Omaha, this being the most accessible point of departure for the Agency. Arriving at my destination shortly after noon, I was solicited to patronize the "brick hotel," to which request I gladly acceded, being duly thankful that there was any hotel at all.

I was somewhat surprised to find the town possessed of some eight hundred inhabitants, the railroad thereto having been completed eighteen years ago. It being on a Saturday, many of the farmers had come to town to lay in their supplies for the ensuing week. These people were of many types, Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans largely predominating, with now and then a few Indians. Nearly all of these farmers, and their wives and daughters who accompanied them, were robust and healthy-looking, and apparently well contented with their shares in life, the fresh, pure air of the prairies and the bright sunlight being their chief invigorators. Their teams, which were of many descriptions, were lined up in a continuous row to the hitching posts along the sunny side of the main street, while purchases were made and social amenities exchanged, some remaining to patronize the entertainment to be given in the Opera House that evening, at which would be freely distributed "watches, lamps, hams, flour, etc."

I arranged with the local livery stable keeper to start on my drive overland next day, which was the first day of the week. The trip, I found, would be a distance of twenty-five miles, farther than I had calculated, as I had never been this way before. The morning dawned cold and windy, but thanks to the kindness of

AN INDIAN TEPEE.

the county sheriff, who loaned me his big fur overcoat, which I wore over mine, and his cap, I was soon comfortably prepared for the journey.

"Now, Shades of the Past, reveal yourselves!" I thought, as we started over the undulating sea of land in a carriage behind a fine team of young, unshod horses. My driver proved to be an experienced guide and hunter, and in this I was very fortunate, as the roads over the prairies, many of which are arbitrary Indian trails, branch off in all directions. I soon found that he depended mostly upon the position of the sun for his bearings, and was told that the Agency lay due east, and about five miles from the Missouri river.

The trip carried us up hill and down, many times, over good, hard roads, over gullies filled with snow, and over little frozen streams. Rarely was a white or an Indian seen in the early part of the journey. From my pilot I learned that the Reservation extends some 30 miles from west to east and 20 miles north to south. The northern part is occupied by the Winnebagoes, and the southern by the Omahas. These tribes are in number almost equal, there being about 1,200 of each. As to their death rate, I was told that the population remains in equilibrium and that the most prevalent diseases are pneumonia and consumption, which are doubtless in many instances caused by undue exposure.

As the morning wore on, the wind died down and the sky became cloudless, being of that deep blue which causes us to feel that heaven is not so far off as it sometimes seems. Now and then we passed a lone Indian grave on the summit of a prairie. These consist of small sheds having one or more openings. The Indians adhere to their old custom of building sheds over their dead instead of burying them. The remains are wrapped in the best blanket of the deceased, and together with his tomahawk and some other belongings, are laid at rest. Food is carried to the grave at intervals and inserted in the apertures until a time has elapsed when it is supposed that the newly risen spirit has progressed beyond the need of earthly nourishment.

We at length began to distinguish the bluffs of Iowa in the distance and saw the Missouri winding between. As we approached we paused occasionally to admire the scene, which was one of tranquillity on that beautiful Sabbath morning. The environs also told me that it was a matter of a short while when I should behold that sacred spot where I had spent my happiest days. What my feelings were when we had ascended the last prairie may be better imagined than described. There, nestling among the cotton-woods in the valley, lay my beloved old home, just as I had left it twenty-seven years ago! It was a dream of peace such as I have seldom realized. One has only to recall events of a similar nature in his own experience in order to appreciate my sensations.

Wishing not to lose a moment's time in walking over the familiar ground, I alighted with my kodak, and began to make exposures as I advanced. Upon reaching my goal I found everything in an excellent state of preservation, with a number of additions and changes. The present residents of the cottage I found to be Mr. W. A. Galt and wife, the former being the pastor of the pretty little Presbyterian church standing on the opposite prairie, on the site of the old blockhouse which was removed four years ago. Since its erection this amiable gentleman, yet young in years, has made his abode at the Agency. His wife was no less hospitable, and extended us a cordial invitation to dine, which we gladly accepted. During the repast I was informed of many matters of interest, all of which would be too long to recite. Mr. Galt described to me the useful purposes which the large and handsome brick school-house nearby had served the Indians, which structure I had already observed. This, he said, was originally intended to meet the requirements of a hos-

AN INDIAN FAMILY GROUP.

pital, but that the Indians had little or no faith in the white "medicine man," and consequently its functions in that capacity were abandoned. He cited the instance of an Indian who had been shot, stating that the doctors had wished to remove the bullet by surgical means. To this his friends objected, following the advice of their own physician by making frequent applications of cold water to the injured limb. By this means the bullet became encysted and the services of the white medicine man were triumphantly dispensed with. Occasionally, when a case became too aggravated to yield to their treatment, the subject was handed over to the hospital authorities as a last resort.

After dinner we took our departure, with expressions of gratitude for courtesies received. We then drove farther down into the village, and I met an old friend by the name of John Peebles. He was a friend of Grandfather, and we reviewed the old times together. I was told that Captain W. A. Mercer is the present Indian Agent, making his residence with the Winnebagoes, ten miles north. Mr. Peebles escorted us to one of the huts, which is inhabited by an old chief with a queer name, Anglicized as "Rabbit." A description of the interior of this hut would be of interest, were it describable. A sublime disregard for all neatness and order prevailed. His squaw was seated on the floor in a corner of the room, baking cakes on an open fire, as we entered. She arose to greet us, attired in a manner which evidently indicated that she had not been expecting company. A bandage around her head confined her unruly locks, and her dress was stained with all the shades that grease could give it. Shortly after, "Rabbit" himself appeared, who was not much better off in respect to clothing, one or two buttons having great responsibilities imposed upon them. This chief remembered Grandfather and me, and so did his squaw, and upon my showing them old views taken in that vicinity, they became quite sociable and expressed themselves freely through Mr. Peebles, who acted as interpreter. One of the photographs I showed this brave was that of his brother, "Wah-mus-he-pe-rah-be," who has since died, and I promised to send him a duplicate of my own.

Before leaving I gathered some prairie flowers, although much withered, as reminders of my visit, the same kinds which I had many times gathered in all their beauty and freshness in days of yore. Time had passed very pleasantly for three and a half hours, and at 3 P. M. we turned our team westward toward Pender. We took another road returning, and on this I was enabled to see much more of the Indians' present mode of living. I saw but seven "tee-pees," in isolated places, with smoke picturesquely curling from openings in their tops. At one of these I dismounted, and seeing no one around, called at the door of the tent for its occupant to come out. This Indian, whom I had aroused, proved to be a policeman, as I discovered from his badge. After making a few inquiries, I allowed him to return to his slumbers, at the same time fancying what an ideal existence such a life would afford officers of our own police force.

I perceived that small frame houses and log huts commonly constitute the abodes of the Indians, near which are generally located thatched sheds for horses and cattle. They have, to a great extent, given up their tent-life with the advance of civilization, although for summer use the tepee remains much in favor. Many of them possess fine teams and wagons, ten or more of which we passed, the chiefs and their squaws being generally seated in front, while in the rear, on a bed of straw, sat other members of the family. Some of the girls seemed to bear a fair claim to good looks, which they doubtless thought to be enhanced by the tattoo marks on their foreheads. As usual, they held their shawls close over their heads and about their faces. Painting of the face is generally confined to their elders, and in some cases a bright red line marks the part of the hair of the squaws. They all seemed to be heading in the

same direction, from which I inferred that they contemplated attending a pipe dance, or some other festivity.

I was told that they are fairly well paid by the Government for their lands, and that, as a rule, they are not disposed to overwork themselves. Corn seemed to be the staple mostly under cultivation, and around these fields barbed wire fences were erected to prevent the entrance of cattle. The most thrifty farm I saw was that of "John Big Elk," who is a representative worthy of emulation.

The distance to Pender gradually shortened, and I was informed that we were on one of the highest prairies we had "climb," and that we should soon reach our "designation." The sun had set and we had covered fifty miles of prairie roads. Venus stood sentinel over the grave of the sun, and in the east the moon rose full, as though disputing the right of her domain.

Thus ended a most pleasant experience, and one never to be forgotten.

AN OMAHA INDIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ORRIN CHALFANT PAINTER.
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERKINS.)